TEMBER 20 – 26, 1980

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# EVE'S WEEKLY

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MOVEMENT WITH
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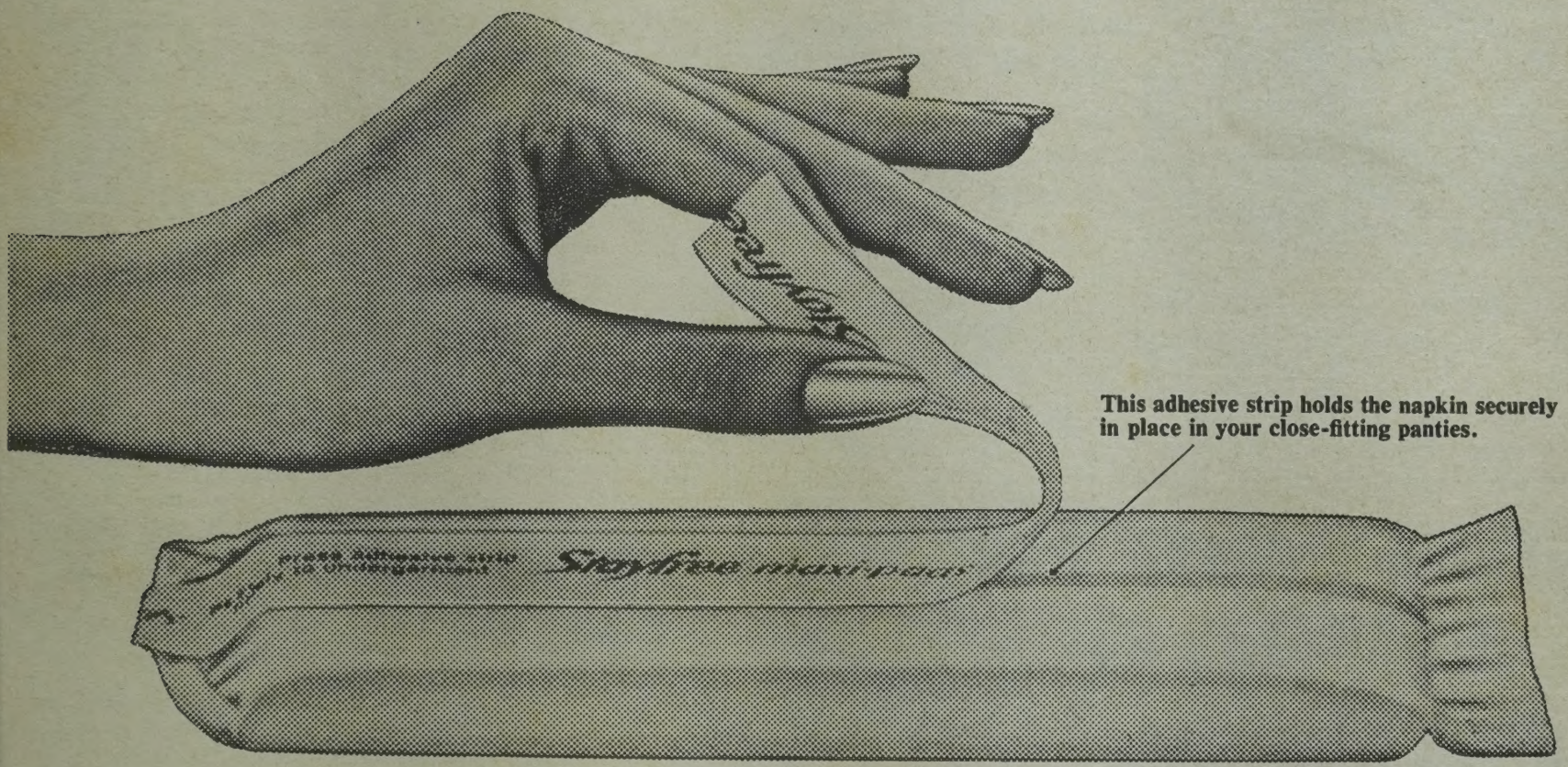


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Eve's Weekly

VOL. XXXIV NO. 38 BOMBAY SEPT. 20 — 26, 1980

# THIS WEEK

## REVISITING BAGHPAT

The Baghpat incident is still fresh in public memory, thanks to the publicity generated by opposition parties, whatever their motives. The questions raised by the incident are too important for it to be side-tracked into a merely sensational whodunnit.

**Page 40.**

## THE SURVIVAL FACTOR

Realizing the close link between their own survival and that of the forests near which they lived, women in the lower Himalayan regions launched a movement to protect trees from indiscriminate felling that became a women's movement with a difference.

**Page 13.**

## CANCER OF THE BREAST

Fear of cancer tends to cause panic and trauma in excess of the dangers of the disease. And in cases of breast cancer, the trauma is unnecessarily compounded.

**Page 10.**

## WHO IS A BASTARD?

An examination of the rights of the illegitimate child under the existing laws of the land, and a plea to change them wherever necessary so that children are not made to suffer.

**Page 19.**

### ALSO

"Price To Be Met": Part II of the new Mills & Boon serialization — **Page 16** Let Down Your Hair: Introducing some modern-day Rapunzels — **Page 29** Creative Photography: XIX — **Page 25** Colour Feature: Needle-craft from the Victoria Technical Institute — **Page 27** Young Viewpoint: Street theatre in Bombay — **Page 29** The real cost of travel — **Page 43** Film Interview: Sunil Dutt — **Page 38** Woman in Focus: Ratnakala Menon — **Page 48** Someone's Daughter, Someone's Wife: The no-status status of women — **Page 49.**

### REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Passing Through/**15**, That's A Laugh /**22**, Comics/**47**, Fashion/**30**, Short Story/**32**, Cookery/**34**, Book Nook /**39**, Beauty/**45**, People Known & Unknown/**51**, Hiya Honey/**53**, Answers to Quiz 14/**53**, Frankly Speaking/**55**, People & Events/**56**, Horoscope/**58**, Quiz 15/**58**.

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# YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

## NOT ANY OF THESE. . .

"Her father guards her in childhood, her husband in her youth, her son in her old age; verily a woman does not deserve freedom!"

Thus spoke Manu, the ancient law-giver of the Hindu society, whose words are said to be instrumental in bringing about the Hindu woman's downfall and subjugation to men. These words might have been true to some extent at a particular period in history. Now, however, a time has come when practically all the above claims of protection of woman by men at different stages in her life can be challenged and it can be proved that a woman needs, and is entitled to, her freedom as much as a man. Right from her childhood, it must be mentioned, (however shocking or unpleasant the fact might be) that there is a significant proportion of rape cases occurring within the family and that, the major number of cases of incestuous rape are said to be perpetrated by fathers on their daughters.

But, is the girl secure even in her husband's home? Even there, she is vulnerable to attacks on her chastity and personal safety by her husband's relatives, with her husband playing the role not of protector but of a passive observer or even an active participator in the various crimes committed upon her. In very few cases is there genuine love between a husband and wife. No wonder, every Indian woman desires and looks upon a son as her only true saviour and hope for a better life ahead, as he is the only one out of all her male relatives who guards and defends her more out of love and respect than a mere sense of ownership over her. But nowadays, even sons have started leaving their parents for the sake of furthering their future in a foreign place or country. A time has come, therefore, for our womenfolk to free themselves from all types of restrictions; to unite and organise themselves in order to liberate themselves from all forms of oppression that their sex is liable to.

**DR. USHA V. PADIYAR, Baroda**

**We agree. Of course it's great to have a kind father, a good husband and a devoted son — but who has 'em all? Women must—absolutely must—shake off this penchant for a "dependant livelihood". How ridiculous it is even to suggest that now, in this day and age, a woman should be shackled to the whims of her father, her husband or her son!**

2nd PRIZE

## TELE-WOES

The other day I came across two sets of divergent opinions about television. One of my friends, a middle-aged woman, said they had not bought a T.V. set as the children would neglect their studies. The other, a young mother, with a smart six-year-old, differed with her. Her daughter viewed the programmes, but not at the cost of her homework or play hour. This made me think about the sweeping statements made by some people that TV destroys conversation and reading, drives away, friends or affects the child's studies. TV is a powerful medium and has come to stay. It's instructive impact and entertainment value cannot be denied any longer. Of course, parents have to help children to be selective and discerning in picking and choosing the programmes. Wisely and judiciously used — and viewed — TV will have a powerful impact on the children for any visual display attracts, delights and teaches.

Every new development — Radio, Cinema, etc. — was denounced in the beginning but in the long run the critics have been proved wrong. Parents who have no confidence in guiding their children, trot out slim excuses and refuse to have a TV at home. They should realise that a careful selection of programmes will help their children to understand the world around them. When special programmes are being telecast to schools and teachers instructed to see that the children view them on television in their schools, why this diffidence among some parents?

**SHANTA DYUTHIKAR, Madras.**

**So we don't know how lucky we are — all those inane, dull programmes which the children don't really want to watch in any case. Actually, in Western countries where the almost non-stop, multi-channel programmes are so engrossing for young and old alike, it is a problem to pry the youngsters away from the box. The moment we begin to have good, slick programmes, multi-channels and colour TV parents have had it!**

3rd PRIZE

## GIVING HIM IDEAS

My medico friend observed on her wedding night that her husband neither had any knowledge of, nor showed any interest in, birth control devices, although he expressed a desire not to have children till his two sisters were married. On her first visit to her mother's house, my friend asked a family planning worker to give her advice as to what device she could carry with her when she went to stay with her husband. Interestingly enough, the family planning worker told her that she would be ruining her marriage if the suggestion for such a device were to come from an Indian wife. She went to the extent of clarifying that by doing so my friend would be giving an opportunity to her husband to think that she must have used these even before the marriage. I do think that the warning given by the family planning worker was correct for she analysed the Indian situation very well — but does this mean the wife cannot initiate and adopt family planning methods, even if the husband is ignorant?

**DR. PRATIMA BHATIA, Lucknow.**

**Yes, it's quite possible that all sorts of doubts and aspersions may be cast on the wife who initiates the use of a birth-control device. Except for the pill, all other methods are "discoverable" — that is, when the wife practises birth-control despite her husband's resistance. So then, until attitudes change, it might well be no F.P., or using silly, devious methods like leaving a magazine around (open at the page where the sex article is published) or getting a good friend to 'enlighten' the husband.**

## P(L)EASANT ISSUES

My maid-servant is pregnant for the tenth time and she is the wife of a peon from the Family Planning Department. I feel more ashamed of her than she or her husband do about themselves. People ask me, "Why have you allowed this?" True, her irresponsibility has been a part of my worry. The American President John F. Kennedy has said "Ask not what the country can do you, ask what you can do for your country." If only our people got this into their heads! When I see this maid of mine I feel all the services that our Government is rendering to us is a waste. In spite of all the coaxing, cajoling and bribing by a whole lot of us she has gone and got herself pregnant — and seems mighty pleased with herself. I remember Sanjay Gandhi for what he did and wanted to do during the Emergency. There seems to be no way out with such herds of ignorant, breeding sows. Compulsory sterilization seems to be the only solution.

**SRIJAYA N. CHAR, Bangalore**

**These "cricket-team" families must be curbed. But you, like many others, seem to blame only the 'sow' and not the 'swine'!**

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# READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

### EXCISE DUTY EXEMPTION

The article by Jaya Ramanathan, "What Ails The Indian Toy Industry?" (July 26), was very interesting. It has brought out clearly the real problems which middle and lower middle class parents have to face when buying a good toy for a child. As one of the manufacturers has pointed out, if toys were exempt from excise duty, prices could be more reasonable. Considering the importance of toys for a child's mental health and growth, I hope the government will take some steps to see that more children can get the benefit of good toys.

**VIJAY LAXMI NAIDU,** Balaghat.

### BREAST-FEEDING AND CANCER

The article, "Back to Breast Feeding" (July 26) by Usha Desai, was really good. However, I do not know how the author has missed the point about breast cancer. It has been reported again and again that the increasing number of breast cancer cases in Western countries could be related to the rarity of breast-feeding. This indicates that we have to be very careful in copying practices from the West without thinking.

**R. K. JAIN,** Bangalore.

### NEWS ABOUT NURSERIES

Congratulations to you and Usha Desai for the excellent article on the importance of breast-feeding and the dangers of bottle-feeding (July 26).

As doctors, may we warn would-be mothers that their babies are absolutely unsafe in the nurseries of even the best hospitals. Insist on keeping your babies by your side right from birth and not away from you in the nursery. A baby who is only breast-fed is less likely to get infections from visitors than a bottle-fed baby who is kept in the nursery. The latter has less resistance and can more easily catch infections from germs in the hospital environment, from other babies in the nursery and from nurses.

Secondly, make sure that the first feed and subsequent feeds that your baby gets in the hospital are of your milk. Put the baby to the breast every 2 to 2½ hours (or even more frequently) during the day and at four-hourly intervals at night. Remember that if your baby gets used to the nipple of the feeding bottle, the chances are very high that he will reject yours and that would be the end of your dream of feeding your baby with your own milk.

**Dr. R. K. Anand,** Bombay.

### GOA'S HIPPIES

I read with nostalgia the article, "Beachcombers in Goa" (July 26). It reminded me of a wonderful holiday we had in the sunny land of Goa two years ago. The hippies certainly form an indispensable part of the scenery of Goa, especially on the numerous palm-fringed beaches. Though many people object to them because of their scanty attire or their lack of cleanliness, their carefree life and simple enjoyments are to be envied by us, who are entangled in the web of fast-moving modern life.

Goa is unique because there is a strange but pleasing intermingling of Indian and Western cultures. It is an ideal place for anyone who wants a quiet holiday, away from the busy everyday life of our cities.

**ANJANA MAITRA,** Rourkela.

### ON THE BEACH

"A Beach For All Seasons", by Hugh and Colleen Gantzer (August 9), with its fabulous pictures of India's sun-kissed and breeze-caressed beaches, was a real eye-opener. Some of us simply don't know what lovely beaches we have so close at hand. I am planning a much-needed holiday with my husband and children and when we come back I will certainly take the author's hint and "let everyone know" about it.

**BIMLADEVI KRISHNASWAMI,** Hyderabad.

# NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF SEPT. 27

**THE SECOND WIFE**

**When he's marrying for the second time, she's got to face several problems. Conversations with five women on their experiences.**

**IMAGES OF WOMEN**

**Reviews with a difference! Beginning a new column to keep an eye on the portrayal of women in Indian cinema, especially commercial Hindi films.**

**I.F.S. WOMEN**

**Not the Indian Foreign Service, which has by now become a fairly common career alternative for women, but the Indian Forest Service. The three pioneering women talk about their chosen field.**

**PARAPLEGIA**

**Towards a deeper understanding of those who suffer from this physical handicap.**

**THE LADY WITH THE LAMP**

**Florence Nightingale — and her crucial role in the development of the sanitary system in India.**

**Plus all our regular features.**

# MASECTOMY NEED NOT BE TRAUMATIC

Jaya Ramanathan

"It came as a complete shock. For all of my 48 years, I had been vibrantly healthy. Ever since childhood, I have been an outdoor person who swims, sails, plays golf and loves to walk. I have always had a healthy optimism and enthusiasm, and the thought of cancer never crossed my mind. There was no history of the disease in my family on either side."

With these poignant words Margaretta (Happy) Rockefeller, wife of the former US Vice-President narrates her account of how she had discovered herself to be a victim of breast cancer, her subsequent masectomy (breast removal operation) and her final triumph over the disease. Of her first realisation of the loss of the essentially feminine appendage she said, "The next time I awoke, I discovered that I had on a very stiff, vest-like bandage. Then I realised I had had cancer and I had undergone a modified radical masectomy. I remembered my relative by marriage, a beautiful woman, who had breast cancer, but refused to have a masectomy and had died within a year. Her tragedy helped me now to recognise that this was a life-or-death proposition, and to be grateful for a chance to live. The cancer had been discovered in time; prospects for cure were good."

"What is the title of your article going to be?" asked Mr. T. C. Ajit, Public Relations Officer, Indian Cancer Society.

"The trauma of masectomy ..." I said tentatively. "Please do not call it that," he urged earnestly "for it is precisely this misconception we are working against. We want people to believe that cancer can be cured and there need be no trauma attached to cancer surgery."

**About one third of breast cancer cases prove fatal, mostly on account of neglect, ignorance or delayed treatment.**

In India, each year there are about 100,000 cases of breast cancer. About a third of these cases prove fatal, mostly on account of neglect, ignorance or delayed treatment. The exact causes for breast cancer are still to be established, but one theory is that it is caused by excess of fat in the diet and by tight fitting garments that press the breast against the chest. The incidence is higher among women who marry late and have their first child after the age of 30. A first delivery before 30 years seems to be a protective factor against breast cancer and to an extent so is breast feeding. But to ensure the efficacy of the latter, it has to be continued for a long time as in the case of some Japanese women who are known to suckle their babies till they attain 8 years!

90 per cent of breast cancer symptoms are first detected by the women themselves and if diagnosed and treated in the very early stages the chances of cure are as high as 85 per cent. The most common mode of treatment of breast cancer is surgical removal, masectomy, and if there is still the fear of disease spreading further, the patient gets chemotherapy treatment with drugs and injections or radio and X-ray therapy.

Mrs. Shakuntala Jain, a social worker at the Rehabilitation Centre, Indian Cancer Society, is herself a masectomy patient and she tells her story frankly with no trace of self-pity.

"It was in 1964, I was just 30 years old and a school principal in Khandwa (MP) when I first detected a lump on my left breast. My husband a practising ophthalmologist, took me to the local doctor at the health centre who dismissed the growth as a harmless cyst. But I was still worried and at the first opportunity I made a trip to Bombay and went to a cancer detection centre for a check-up. The verdict was cancer. The treatment — immediate removal of the breast."

"Somehow I had already anticipated it, so it did not come to to me as a great shock. After the operation, the other breast was also found to be slightly infected, so to retard further spread I had to undergo deep X-ray treatment, this was really hell, not so much the surgery. I was constantly giddy and suffered from bouts of nausea during the 20 sittings, undergone twice a week.

"My husband from the beginning was very pragmatic and understanding and in no way and at no time did our relationship suffer right up to the time he died (1971).

"As for my in-laws, it is possible they had certain misgivings, but perhaps on account of my husband's steadfastness, their feelings did not surface. Indeed I have much to be thankful for."

On the death of her husband, Mrs. Jain came to reside permanently in Bombay and secured a job with the Indian Cancer Society. In between counselling and consoling cancer patients, Mrs. Jain keeps herself busy making breast prosthesis (artificial breasts for masectomy patients). Made of foam leather with lining, the breast is made to order and fixed in the brassiere with velcro. The price ranges from Rs. 50 to Rs. 80. The silicone prosthesis are more expensive at about Rs. 500/- a piece. The poorer women are supplied with prosthesis free of cost.

Mrs. Jain is one of the few masectomy patients who from the beginning has adopted an optimistic attitude.

Others however have not been so fortunate.

Nazma (40) confronted by a diagnosis of cancer and imminent masectomy, pleaded with the social worker not to reveal the news to her husband. For her, the fear of divorce loomed larger than the fatal course of the disease. Later, when after persistent counselling the husband was brought into the picture, they beseeched the counsellor to keep the rest of the family in the dark. "My mother will insist on my getting married again, she is convinced that cancer is contagious like venereal diseases," implored the husband.

Kamala, who had had both her breasts removed a year back, is utterly dejected and at times speaks of death being her only deliverance. "No one at home is exactly openly hostile, but I can feel my husband drifting away... his mother keeps my children away from me, cooks their food, feeds them ..."

**Masectomy is not incapacitating, either sexually or physically, and women can and have conceived after the surgery.**

In reality masectomy is not incapacitating — either sexually or physically. For a while after surgery, masectomy patients are asked to refrain from lifting weights on the side of the operation.

Women can and have conceived after masectomy, only they are advised against breast feeding. Apart from these, in the majority of the cases, breast removal does not constrict normal activities.

Mrs. Jain meets masectomy patients a couple of days after their surgery and she usually finds them depressed and bewildered.

"When I reveal to them that I have myself had the operation, they are greatly reassured, and pour out their problems and ask endless questions as to how I am able to live with my "mutiliated condition." Do I find myself of

any use in this world? Do people shirk my company etc., etc. At times I spend hours with each patient and endeavour to instill hope in them, but getting through to the relatives is a more difficult task. Assuring me they go away convinced, but later the patient returns to complain of pariah treatment."

It is the fear of cancer that creates panic and trauma which is more dangerous than the actual disease itself. A lady known to me, the wife of a leading industrialist of Bombay, who had read about cancer and its symptoms one day discovered to her consternation a small cyst on her breast. She was immediately convinced she had cancer and that masectomy would at best only slightly prolong her lease of life. The situation at home became so tense with her adolescent children moaning, "Oh, mama, how will you look with one breast gone?" and her husband solemnly declaring eternal fidelity come what may (though the wife remained sceptical) that the family physician recanted his earlier advice and asked the patient to refrain from having a biopsy done (in any case the cyst was painful and malignant growths are generally painless). However. with a lot of hue and cry the lady underwent a biopsy, and the cyst was found to be benign.

Mrs. Nanjundappa (52) had come to the Rehabilitation Centre with her husband for the prosthesis she had ordered earlier this year. Mr. Nanjundappa, a retired government official, recounted his wife's story:

"Last year she found a boil like growth on her left breast. I immediately suspected cancer, but did not tell her. I made arrangements for a biopsy to be done and the verdict was cancerous growth and straightaway a masectomy was performed."

**With breast cancer, which sometimes involves the surgical removal of one or both breasts, the trauma caused by fear of cancer is unnecessarily compounded by fear of rejection and loss of "femininity"**

"Did your husband help to dispel your fears?" "He is always very philosophical about everything, nothing seems to disturb him."

"I believe in the 'atma' only, this body of ours is after all transcient, one way or another it will have to perish one day," Mr. N. commented.

"Has there been any history of cancer in your family?" Mrs N.: "No. . ."

"Of course there has been," interrupted her husband. "Her father died of blood cancer (leukaemia) and now her nephew has the same disease. . ."

"But that was blood cancer. It is not the same thing ..." Mrs. N. tried to explain meekly.

"It is all the same, cancer is cancer," retorted Mr. N. with an air of finality.

"The dictionary defines 'cancer' in two ways: as a 'disease of the body cells,' and as 'anything evil or destructive: a blight." In most peoples' minds, however, the two meanings have merged so that one connotes the other. Despite the fact that we have learnt a lot about how to treat and even cure cancer, people still dread the disease and often refuse to even have a check-up. If we are to fight cancer, it's obvious that we have to fight the fear first," observed Dr. D. J. Jussawalla, cancer specialist and founder-secretary, Indian Cancer Society. With this in mind, the ICS launched a massive cancer awareness campaign two years back. "The preliminary research revealed that most people have a number of misconceptions about cancer. For instance, that there is no cure for cancer (the fact is more than 80 per cent of cancer cases today are curable, if they're treated early). Also, that cancer is a disease they're unlikely to get (actually one out of every eight Indians is a potential cancer patient). The objective of our campaign was to change people's attitudes towards cancer and motivate them to come in for an early check-up. The challenge lay in getting people interested in a subject they generally shun. By removing deep rooted fears and prejudices, we are educating them about the realities of cancer today. The tone in all our advertisements is emotive and reassuring, rather than clinical and frightening. Our main message is contained in the key line: "Life after cancer... it's worth living," Dr. Jussawalla explained.

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**Ruparel Medical Centre,**
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**Phone No.: 231417.**

## WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT BREAST CANCER

**No one knows exactly what causes breast cancer, so there is little anyone can do to prevent it. But it is known that breast cancer is the most amenable to treatment when the tumour is small.**

**The average woman has one in 11 chance (or about 9 per cent) of developing breast cancer during her lifetime. There are three groups of women who run a higher than average risk of getting breast cancer, they are:**

**1. Women of 50 or more because two-thirds of all breast cancers occur among older women.**

**2. Women whose mothers or sisters have had breast cancer. Studies show that women with this family history of breast cancer develop the disease at about twice the average rate and at an earlier than the average age.**

**3. Women who have already had cancer in one breast. The risk of developing cancer in the other breast is about three times higher for this group than the others.**

## BREAST SELF-EXAMINATION IS FOR EVERYONE

**Breasts come in all sizes and shapes just as women do. One women's breasts are not the same as another's. Nor will her own breasts remain the same throughout her life. The monthly menstrual cycle, childbirth, breast-feeding, age, menopause, weight change, birth control or other hormone pills and even nutrition may change the shape and size of her breasts.**

**In addition, many women develop one of a variety of non-cancerous breast conditions which, as a group, are referred to as "benign fibrocystic disease." Women often call them, "lumpy breasts." If a woman has one of these conditions, lumps or nodules are "normal" for her.**

**Breast self-examination is done once a month so that a woman becomes familiar with the appearance and feel of her own breasts, which makes it easier to notice any changes in the breast from one month to another.**

**Early discovery of a change from what is "normal" is the whole idea behind this BSE.**

**For a menstruating woman, the best time to do BSE is at the end of her period, when her breasts are least likely to be swollen or tender.**

**If a woman discovers anything unusual — a lump, discharge, dimpling or puckering — she should see her physician at once. Eight out of ten breast lumps are not cancer, and there are other causes for changes in the breasts' appearance. But any change is best checked by a physician.**

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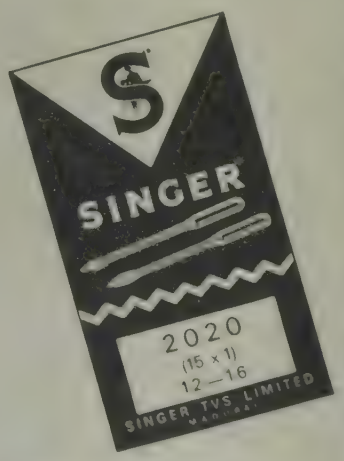


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# TREES ARE NOT FOR FELLING

**THE CHIPKO MOVEMENT, ONE OF THE MOST WIDESPREAD ECOLOGICALLY MOTIVATED PEOPLE'S MOVEMENTS, IS SPEARHEADED, PLANNED AND SUSTAINED BY WOMEN**

**Padma Prakash**

It all began on a crisp day in March '73 in a small village nestling in the foothills of the Himalayas. Hundreds of women, young and old, marched into the neighbouring forests singing and chanting slogans. "Murderers of trees, think! Do not skin off mother earth!" Trying to break up and disperse this ebullient group of women, were axemen who had arrived there to fell ash trees for a sports goods firm in Allahabad. The women circled and embraced the trees, refusing to budge so that the axemen had to withdraw after many hours. This marked the beginning of the Chipko movement, which took its name from the action of the women in embracing the trees. "Chipko" in their language is "to embrace."

What started as a spontaneous action against indiscriminate felling of trees has today spread to the entire forest region of Tehri Garhwal, raising some very embarrassing questions on forest policy. It is perhaps the only widespread and sustained ecologically motivated people's movement. But more important than this is that Chipko is spearheaded, planned and kept going almost entirely by the largely illiterate hill women of Tehri Garhwal.

The movement, however, is not the first such women's movement in the region. Over ten years ago, they had participated in the Madh Nished Andolan — an anti-liquor campaign which gathered surprising momentum in a very short time. According to Sunderlal Bahuguna who is closely associated with the movement, this campaign laid the foundation for the present Chipko movement. Bahuguna is a slight, mild-mannered Gandhian, influenced and inspired by Vinobha Bhave and Jayaprakash Narayan. He and his wife, Bimal, have been trying to give form and direction to the anger and frustrations of the hill women.

It was during the anti-alcohol campaign that more than 15,000 women from villages scattered over the steep, thickly forested slopes gathered together to fight a social evil that threatened their happiness. It was during this period too, that for the first time in centuries, the Garhwali women acted in flagrant opposition to the expressed wishes of their menfolk.

"Quarrels broke out in practically every household," recalls Bahuguna. "The men were vehemently opposed to the campaign and prohibited women from taking part in it."

But while it is understandable that women should participate wholeheartedly in a movement which directly affected their personal life, it is more difficult to understand their activism in ecology so far ahead of the rest of the country. Why should these simple, unlettered women, burdened already with so much work at home and in the fields, bother about ecology when educated people elsewhere are so indifferent?

The destruction of the forests of the Garhwali region is visibly affecting their daily life, making it more difficult, poorer, and threatening in days to come, total disaster. Women here have always shouldered the main burden of agricultural production and domestic labour. It is they who, after completing their household chores, go out to fetch water and collect firewood and fodder.

"It is quite common to see women carrying loads of 40 kg. and more walk an average of 10 km. in a day, after spending backbreaking hours collecting firewood," explains Dr. Vandana Shiva who, with her husband Dr. Joyontho Bandyopadhyay, has made a study of the Chipko movement. "Apart from cooking and other household chores, the women also tend the fields. The only time the men work on the fields is during the ploughing season. They also do the spinning and weaving, and take the sheep out to graze."

To quote from a paper written by Vandana and Joyontho for a forthcoming conference, "Chipko is basically a response to the anarchy of development in the hill regions." All the modern development projects there — scientific forestry, road construction and river valley projects — have only brought limited blessings, if at all. In the beginning men found jobs on these projects. But of late, scarcity of local labour has pushed up the wage rates, and the contractors prefer to import labour from the plains. On the other hand, these projects have adversely affected the life style of the women and are threatening their livelihood.

"Our slopes used to be covered by a variety of trees — ash, oak as well as conifers," Bahuguna said. "They bore fruits and nuts, shed leaves and twigs, providing food, fodder and firewood to the local people. As a rule, forest people never cut trees, but only lop the branches off when necessary. With the coming of 'scientific' forestry, the slopes are covered only with conifers which are of hardly any use to us."

Vandana explained, "Conifers, like the pine, have a low conservation capacity and this causes springs to dry up, unlike the broad-leaved species like the oak. Moreover, twigs and leaves become scarce on the gro-

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PASSING THROUGH

**PAULA SEGRAVES CREVOSHAY**

# PUNS, PAINTS, AND PRIMITIVES

"Won't you pull my leg?" says the intriguing invitation to a one-woman show by Paula Crevoshay a young American artist who lives in Pune. One wonders if she isn't pulling one's leg instead. Her eye-catching miniatures have titles like "New York City Swadeshi" and when asked about it, Paula says: "I am inviting you to come and look at my jokes, my teases and participate in it... For me, we only do that among friends."

Born in Baton Rouge, (Louisiana) Paula derives her artistic inclination from her parents. Her father was an inventor, her mother a singer on the radio. After majoring in fine art in Virginia, Paula took her Masters degree at the University of Wisconsin, Madison in 1977. By this time she had already experimented a great deal with different media, and her Master's show, "Homework" included video work. Her predilection for puns also goes back to this period: a video exhibition held in 1976 was entitled "India Song Delay, Apologies to Marguerite Duras" — obviously a take-off on the film by Duras. Apart from video, Paula experimented with sculpture, and was already painting on a small scale, out of economic necessity at first. Then she discovered the mysteries of

the small scale on a visit to an exhibition of Indian miniatures in New York.

After coming to India in 1978 with her husband, a Fulbright scholar, her interest in Indian folk art and miniatures deepened. "I have studied and researched and travelled, I attempt at an integration of culture," she says proudly.

Friendly and vivacious, Paula expresses her naivete in her bright colourful miniatures whose themes range from fishes to pyramids. One is reminded of primitive art, but this is obviously the work of someone who has studied it. Paula herself attributes it to her American Indian origins, her interest in African anthropology and in Indian folk art, not forgetting Matisse, Rousseau, Klee, Modigliani, Cezanne etc. She shows me the list of people who have influenced her that she has jotted down in her diary, separate lists for men and women (the list includes just about everybody). I spot Kate Millet's name on it. Is Paula a feminist?

"I like that the women's movement came about. But I'm not on the bandwagon. I live my life in an individual way. I think women are an incredible half of the human race, whether as housewives or as artists."

But as an artist, hasn't she encountered problems? Paula thinks that the battle's been fought and won. Lee Krasner Pollock spoke of the difficulties of being a woman artist, and of being married to a male artist, but today things are different. In New York, there are galleries run by women's cooperatives exclusively for women artists. Paula herself has not exhibited in these galleries and doesn't quite agree with the idea. "I want to transcend women's liberation. It's time to get beyond. Great art is timeless and devoid of anything but itself. It stands alone."

Among her other interests, music occupies an important place — Jazz, blues and Indian music. Her proximity to the film institute in Pune has made it possible for her to act in a number of student films. She has also worked in close association in pictorial and script capacities with Benoy Behal of the FTII. She organised a children's workshop at the Fulbright Foundation Conference in Srinagar. She has modelled and waited at tables, worked in dispensaries and lived in monasteries. She is altogether an eclectic and versatile personality.

**Shoba Sadagopan**

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**TREES ARE NOT FOR FELLING**

und. The older women tell us that springs at which pots used to fill in five minutes when they were young now take two hours."

Yet another disastrous result of deforestation has been soil erosion. The fields hugging the hill slopes may continue to look picturesque and idyllic, but are in fact becoming less productive rapidly. This forces the men to leave for the plains. "Women live like widows. All their time is taken up with eking out a precarious existence," says Bahuguna. The men can send little money home. Some years ago seven women, all between the ages of 18 and 22, committed suicide in the river Bhagirathi out of sheer frustration.

Deforestation and the so-called development activities have meant a drastic change in the life patterns of the Garhwali women — a change that has brought them more work, less return, less security and less freedom from the drudgery of monotonous tasks. It is no wonder then that women have come together spontaneously and in such large numbers in the Chipko movement.

The movement grows stronger and more organised with every new activity. The women have now appointed "vana rakshaks" to protect trees from surreptitious felling. They have accumulated a large repertoire of songs and slogans. While the songs have mostly been composed by a local folk singer, the slogans have been made up by the women themselves. With each passing day of joint action the movement has gained confidence. The women have stormed into town halls and stopped the auctioning of trees to commercial firms. They have chased away axemen yelling, "Bhago! bhago!"

On another occasion, Vandana related, when oak forests were to be cut down to set up the Pantnagar Agricultural University's hill campus, women from 50 surrounding villages gathered to hold demonstrations. When an official of a match factory warned them that they would get no matches if the trees were not allowed to be cut, the women replied, "We'll rub stones to make fire!" For two and a half years now, the women have participated in a sit-in protest at the proposed site of the Tehri dam which will submerge large forest tracts and disturb the ecology of the region. There have been stray incidents of violence associated with the movement, which Bahuguna disparages but finds inevitable.

Apart from the obvious benefit to their ecology, Chipko has had other consequences for the women. In some areas, they now take one day off in a week. They meet to talk, to relax away from their never ending chores, to discuss problems and to plan future courses of action. They have become strong, self-confident individuals in their own right.

There is no doubt that Chipko has now gathered a momentum that requires little external impetus. Whatever be its ultimate outcome, there is no denying the value of the experience of collective action that the Garhwali women have gained. Whether it will lead to a deeper and more comprehensive understanding of the causes of their oppression and the action to counter them is anybody's guess.

MAKING her way to the house where her father lived, Aldona Mayhew, sent up a prayer that this Wednesday wouldn't find Lionel Downs in her father's sitting room. She had to try very hard to hide her revulsion for this shifty-eyed man who worked in the same office as her father. Guy Stinton worked there too, a man she had been engaged to as recently as yesterday. And now it was off; they were just not made for each other, she had decided. Her mind was now busy thinking of the best way to tell her father Roland Mayhew that her engagement to Guy was terminated.

All three men worked for Sebastian Thackeray Limited, a company that specialised in digital electronics. But while the two other men had had longer tenures, her father had only started there six months ago, after being unemployed for fifteen months. Roland Mayhew had married again quite recently, in the aftermath of his new job and that was one reason why Aldona had moved out to a flat of her own. She had still not established rapport with her step-mother Barbara.

Aldona inserted her key in the door and pushed it inwards, to see her fair, curly-haired, stepmother coming down the stairs, a badminton racket in her hand.

The greeting that hovered on Aldona's lips vanished in surprise. Barbara sported a magnificent fur coat which must have cost a fortune and which Aldona never knew she possessed.

"Your father's upstairs," said Barbara with a smile, then as she caught the younger girl staring, "I know a mink coat is a mite ostentatious to go to badminton in, but I've only just got it and couldn't resist wearing it."

"It's very nice," said Aldona—an understatement. It was fabulous. "Have a good game," she wished, as Barbara crossed over to the door. Aldona went into the sitting room. Her heart fell as she saw the sole occupant — the bulky, flaccid faced Lionel Downs. Cigar in one hand and a glass of scotch in the other, he surveyed her lecherously.

"Hello Aldona," he greeted. She mumbled a suitable greeting.

"Your father's upstairs," said Lionel Downs. "He wasn't looking too bright today. The length of time he's taking means he's probably swallowing one of those heart pills."

Heart pills! Aldona felt fear. "For goodness sake, don't panic! You know he hates fuss," said Lionel Downs. "He's just worried. . ."

"Worried?" she picked up. "What's he worrying over?"

"He doesn't want you to know!"

"I insist you tell me, Mr. Downs, so I can help to sort it out."

"You'd be wasting your time trying to sort this one out, girlie," he told her. "Not unless you've got two thousand pounds salted away somewhere."

"Two thousand pounds!" she gasped.

"I might just as well tell you that as chief accountant, I discovered a discrepancy in the books. And I'm giving your father every opportunity of replacing the money before the auditors find out."

"You're saying," she said with disbelief, "that you believe my father has st. . .stolen two thousand pounds from Sebastian Thackeray Limited."

"Yes, and Sebastian Thackeray isn't the sort of man who will countenance this sort of thing," he replied flatly. "There'll be a prosecution for sure if your father can't pay in the money somehow."

Prosecution! Oh God, it would kill him. Shock had her in its grip.

"But if I went to see Sebastian Thackeray and told him about my father's. . ."

"You'd be wasting your time," he said.

The sound of a door closing upstairs told them Roland Mayhew was coming down. "Don't let on that you know anything," said Lionel, "the shame of you knowing could be a shock."

Aldona spent about an hour with them. For the first time she was glad Lionel Downs was there too. His presence helped her to overcome the strain she was feeling. She knew her father was feeling the strain too, though she dared not make him suspicious by leaving too early. At nine o'clock, she rose.

"I'll give you a lift," Lionel Downs surprised her by saying, "It's bucketing down out there, and you'll be drenched."

"I'll be glad of a lift thank you," she said as she looked at the torrential rain.

Once in the car, she abstractedly started to give directions.

"Have you given Master Guy the old heave-ho?" he asked suddenly, "I noticed you aren't wearing your engagement ring."

He was more observant than her father. But that wasn't surprising. Her father had far more important things on his mind to notice the absence of the ring.

"I'm no longer engaged," she said.

The car drew up outside her house, and in desperation, she turned to the man who was such a good friend to her father. "Mr. Downs," she said. "Can't anything be done to. . . to stop the auditors from finding out? I mean couldn't you. . ." She couldn't go on.

"I wonder Aldona," he said in the silence that followed. "how far you're prepared to go to help your father?"

"There's nothing I wouldn't do for him," she said warmly.

"In that case," came the equally warm response. "I think there may be a way."

"What? Tell me what is it?" "Hope surged in her breast.

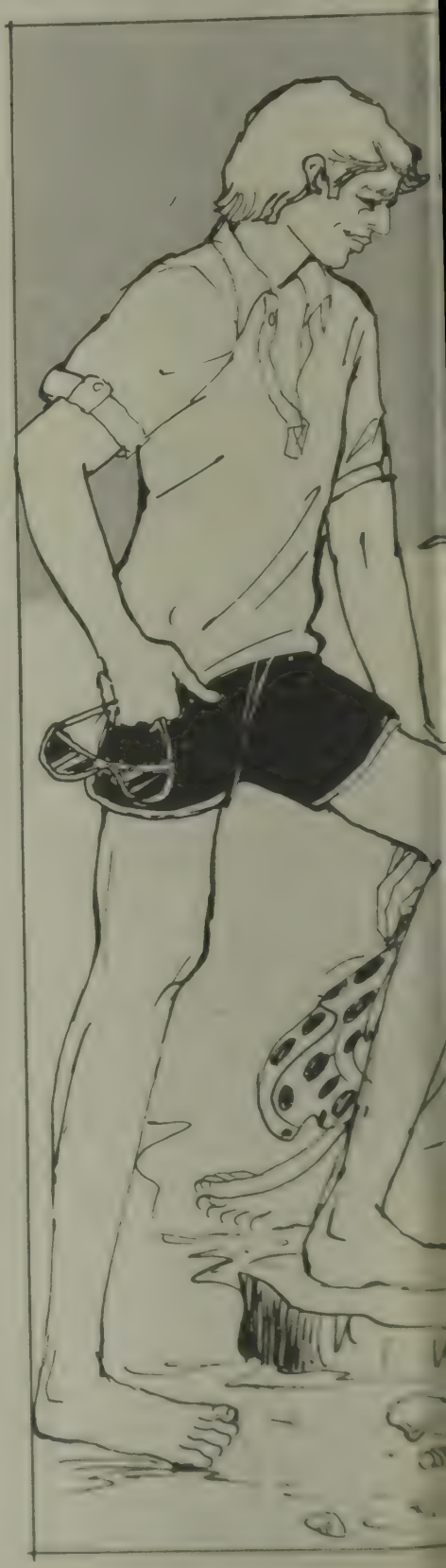
"I'm going on holiday to Malta on Saturday. Come with me Aldona, and tonight I'll give your father my personal postdated cheque so that he can pay it into the firm's account first thing on Monday."

She just stared at him. Then opened the door and got out, disgusted. Lionel's voice floated after her. "Give me a ring at the office tomorrow, girlie. You'll not get a better offer."

The next day, without being aware she had made a decision, Aldona picked up her purse and went to the pay phone on the ground floor of her building. With icy fingers she dialled the number. When he came on, she said, "W. . . would you give that cheque to my father tonight?"

"With pleasure, Aldona," he said.

A nasty job done, she washed, dressed and went to work, reminding herself of some of the thoughts that had gone through her head that wakeful night. At the nursery where she worked in a poorer part of London, she struggled with tearful toddlers all morning. Later, she



PART ONE

# PRICE TO BE MET

Jessica Steele

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asked for two weeks' leave. Mrs. Armstrong, a plump, motherly lady who was in charge of the place, told her they were extremely short-handed. Aldona stressed she just had to go. Finally she sent her off, saying they would try to manage the best way they could till she got back.

★

The flight to Malta had taken just over three hours, but to a highly tensed Aldona, it had seemed like thirty. She had spent most of yesterday coming to terms with herself, reminding herself that she was doing this for her father.

The hotel Lionel Downs had selected was modern but smaller

**STANDING AS THOUGH FROZEN INTO IMMOBILITY, WAS THE MAN SHE HAD MET ON THE BEACH. THERE WAS A WHITENESS ABOUT HIS MOUTH AS HE GAVE HER A LOOK OF SEARING CONTEMPT**

than some they had passed. "Come on sweetie," he said, when they arrived, his greedy eyes making her flare pink. Silently she went with him as a hotel porter led the way to the lift.

In the light airy room where they were escorted and left alone, Lionel said angrily, "You are going to drop that touch-me-not attitude if our holiday is going to be a success."

"Touch-me-not attitude?" she hedged.

"Yes, I'm just about sick and tired of you flinching from me everytime I touch you."

"I. . .I'm sorry," she found herself apologising. "I have been a bit on edge. I've been anxious in case my father found out what I was doing."

"Well, he won't find out from me," he said as he placed a heavy arm around her shoulders. Oh God, she thought, her senses screaming in alarm, he's not going to start anything now, before I get used to the idea.

"Shall I unpack for you?" she asked, to gain time.

The arm dropped away. "You do that," he said. "I'm going to find myself a drink."

The minute the door had closed behind him, she sank down on the bed nearest to her. Oh, this was awful, she thought in despair. She hadn't gone beyond kissing even with Guy and to think that now. . . She unpacked, changed into light weight slacks and a shirt and went down to a secluded spot on the beach. As she sat on the soft sand, she thought about the lie she had had to tell her father, when he asked her where she was going. She had told him she wouldn't be seeing him for the next two weeks as she was taking her annual holiday to visit an old school friend called Hilary.

"Why so glum?" The deep, well-modulated voice startled her.

She looked up at the fair-headed, tall young man who stood a yard from her on the beach. She didn't answer and he spoke again. "What are you doing, sitting over here by yourself? It's all happening over there!"

"I prefer my own company," she said.

He didn't take the hint, but sat down next to her.

"How long are you staying?" he enquired casually.

"Two weeks," she said, keeping her voice cool.

"I'm booked in for tonight only," he told her and it may have been her imagination, but she could have sworn there was a hard note in his voice as he said it.

"What's your name?" he queried next. She told him.

"What's yours?" she asked, lest she appear to be uncivil.

"Zeb," he said.

They chatted awhile, then all too soon, this brief, enchanting interlude was over. Zeb asked with a smile, "I should be free for dinner around nine. Have you got anything planned?"

Immediately she looked away. That smile was hard to resist. "I'm. . .I'm not here by myself," she said and couldn't look at him to see what he made of that. There was a pause which lengthened interminably. "Lucky man," he said at last, and the next time she looked up, he was striding away down the beach. . She got up and went back to the hotel.

It was past eight and she was sitting in their room alone, when Lionel came in. His face was florrid with excessive drinking. At the sight of him, she was filled with nausea.

"I've kept you waiting all this time," he said. "Forgive me, sweetie. I met an old friend at the bar and he thought it would be a good idea if we went to this club he knew."

"That's all right," said Aldona. "I did wonder about dinner though. . ."

"Change and we'll go down for it," he said.

It was while she was in the shower, panic churning her insides at the degradation that would soon be hers, that she heard a commotion in the bedroom. There were two voices talking in there. . .no, not talking, yelling, having one hell of a row. As she turned off the shower, she caught the tail end of the argument. "I'll get you out or die in the attempt," said a man's voice.

Then Lionel Downs replied, challenging, "Do your worst. You can't hurt me without hurting her. . ."

The door slammed violently and the intruder was gone. Why she should think then of the man she had met on the beach, Aldona couldn't say. His well-modulated tones had sounded nothing like the furiously hard voice she had just heard. She pushed the image away.

"You're looking more beautiful than ever, girlie," Lionel said, coming towards her, as she emerged, dried and dressed. "Let's have a little kiss before we go down."

Aldona winced as he grabbed her bare arm and felt sick as his square face came close. "Honestly, Mr. Downs," she said, "I think I shall faint if I don't eat soon."

Tension came back again; his hand dropped away. "Let's eat then," he said. "The last thing I want is to have you fainting on me."

Lionel ordered wine to go with their meal and was on his third glass when she was sipping her first. Suddenly she became aware of a figure who had come and stopped near their table. She flicked her eyes upwards and the breath left her body.

For there, standing as though frozen into immobility, was the man she had met on the beach. There was a whiteness about his mouth as he gave her a look of searing contempt. Then she felt Lionel's hot podgy hand over hers. "Eat up sweetie," he was saying, "I want to show you some night life before we go to bed."

She just couldn't look at Zeb as the words told him clearly what her relationship with Lionel Downs was. She looked down at Zeb's hands. His knuckles were white, his fists clenched. He turned suddenly and left the dining room.

**To be continued**

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THE LAW:

# KNOW YOUR RIGHTS

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# PROTECTION FOR THE ILLEGITIMATE CHILD

**Rita Rahimtoolla**

Since ancient times, different systems of law, including Roman law, have distinguished between children born into the family and children outside it. Those who are born or conceived within a marriage are considered legitimate and those born outside a marriage are called illegitimate. Legitimate children have various rights vis-a-vis their parents — namely the right to be maintained and the right to succeed to family property. Illegitimate children are deprived of these rights for no fault of their own.

## ENGLISH LAW

In the last fifty years, the law in England has been changed by Parliament several times to benefit illegitimate children. The reform has not been so radical as to abolish the stigma of illegitimacy. The course the law has taken is to extend the definition of legitimacy to certain children who would formerly have been regarded as illegitimate.

The first statutory modification in favour of illegitimate children was made by the Legitimacy Act, 1926, which introduced the principle of legitimation into English law. Its effect is to make legitimate a child whose parents marry at any time after its birth.

The Legitimacy Act, 1959, extended the principle of legitimation further. By this enactment a child becomes legitimate when the parents marry, even if either or both parents were married to a third person at the time of the child's birth.

A subsequent reform was carried out by the Matrimonial Causes Act, 1973. Section 16 of that Act states that when the parties to a marriage which is voidable under one of the six grounds enumerated in the Act, are granted a decree of nullity, the decree does not have a retrospective effect. Hence the children of the marriage are legitimate children. Their status is more akin to children of divorced parents rather than of illegitimate children.

The Legitimacy Act, 1976, went even further by providing that children of a void marriage (that is, a marriage which is a nullity from its very inception — due, for instance, to the existence of a living spouse of one of the parties) would be considered legitimate **provided** that either when the child was conceived or at the time of the celebration of the marriage, one or both parents reasonably and honestly believed that the marriage was valid. An example would make this provision of law clear.

Arnold courts Betty, who believes he is a single man. Betty becomes pregnant by Arnold. Arnold marries Betty without informing her that he is already married. A child is born. Later Betty finds out that Arnold has a wife living in another town. She petitions the court for a decree of nullity, which she obtains. The child is legitimate though he is a child of a marriage which was invalid in law from its very beginning, a marriage which could never have taken place were the true facts known, because his mother, Betty, was ignorant of the bar to the marriage — namely that Arnold was already married

## INDIAN LAW

What is the position in India regarding the law of legitimacy? Who is a legitimate child?

The Indian Evidence Act (Section 112) states that :

**The fact that any person was born during the continuance of a valid marriage between his mother and any man, or within 280 days after its dissolution, the mother remaining unmarried, shall be conclusive proof that he is the legitimate son of that man, unless it can be shown that the parties to the marriage had no access to each other at any time when they could have been together.**

Hence in Indian Law, evidence that a child is born during wedlock is sufficient proof of legitimacy. It is to be noted that the child need not be conceived during wedlock.

Who is an illegitimate child?

An illegitimate child is one who is born out of wedlock, a child whose mother has never married; or is a married woman whose husband has not had access to her; or the child has been born to her more than 280 days after the dissolution of her marriage by either divorce or the death of her husband.

What are the penalties of illegitimacy? Let us consider them under each system of law.

## HINDU LAW

Hindu jurisprudence gave a high place to the institution of sonship. It was essential for every Hindu to have a son and Hindu sages recognised thirteen types of son to help those who did not have a natural son born in wedlock. The latter, of course, had the highest status in law, and the others (substitute sons) had a secondary status. Substitute sons were treated as legitimate and had rights to maintenance and inheritance.

Modern Hindu law regards only two types of sons as legitimate — namely, a son born in wedlock as defined under the Indian Evidence Act and a son adopted under the Hindu Adoption and Maintenance Act, 1956. These legitimate sons have full rights of inheritance in joint family property as well as the separate property of the father and mother.

Corresponding to the legal reforms carried out in England legitimising the children of void and voidable marriages, Section 16 of the Hindu Marriage Act, 1955, was amended in 1976 to confer legitimacy on children of void and voidable marriages. Hence the present position in Hindu law is that children of such marriage are legitimate but their legitimacy does not give them **"rights in or to the property of any person, other than the parents, in any case where, but for the passing of this Act (Marriage Laws Amendment Act, 1976), such child would have been incapable of possessing or acquiring any such rights by reason of his not being the legitimate child of his parents."**

As regards custody, guardianship and maintenance, the children of an annulled marriage stand on the same footing as the children of parents whose marriage has been terminated by a decree of divorce. Either parent may be granted custody consistent with the wishes of the children and their welfare, at the discretion of the Court.

The legal reform of legitimation just described covers only some illegitimate children, that is children whose parents have gone through some form of marriage even though the marriage may later have been declared invalid. Still many children not covered by this reform continue to bear the burden of illegitimacy. They are punished for an act which is not of their doing. A Hindu illegitimate child is excluded from kinship with all persons excepting his mother, his brothers and sisters and their descendants and his own descendants by the Hindu Succession Act, 1956. Hence he is excluded from succeeding to the property of any relative barring his mother, his brothers and sisters and their children, and his own wife and children. Even if the father is known, illegitimate children have no rights of inheritance in his property. However, illegitimate Hindu children have a right to their mother's property, sons and daughters taking an equal share in her property.

Section 30 empowers any Hindu to dispose of his property by will, including his interest in joint family property. Therefore, though a Hindu illegitimate child is not an heir to the father's property should the latter die without making a will, the father can leave all or part of his property to his illegitimate son or daughter by will.

Though kinship with the mother and not the father is recognised by the Hindu Succession Act, as far as maintenance of the child is concerned, the Hindu Adoptions and Mainten-

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ance Act, 1956 (Section 20) provides that an illegitimate child may claim maintenance from his father or mother during his minority (up to the age of 18 years) or in the case o a daughter as long as she is unmarried. "Maintenance" includes provision for food, clothing, residence, education and medical treatment. In the case of an illegitimate daughter, it also includes the expenses of her marriage.

The mother is the natural guardian of an illegitimate minor son and of an illegitimate daughter till her marriage by Section 6 of the Hindu Minority and Guardianship Act, 1956. The father is the natural guardian of legitimate children. A "guardian" means the person who has the care of the person of a minor and/or of his property. A natural guardian has also the power to appoint a guardian of the minor children by will. This guardian is known as the testamentary guardian as distinct from the natural guardian.

Custody of a legitimate child is ordinarily with the mother until the child reaches the age of five years, even though the father is the natural guardian. After that age, custody may be given to the father or the mother, depending on the welfare of the child. In the case of illegitimate children, too, though the mother is the natural guardian and ordinarily would have the custody of her illegitimate children, the court might grant custody to the father, if it finds that this is in the interests of the child.

## MUSLIM LAW

Under Hanafi Law, a man is presumed to be the father of a child who is born to his wife not less than 6 months after their marriage and within 2 years after the dissolution of the marriage either by death of the man or divorce.

The general opinion in India is that Section 112 of the Indian Evidence Act, quoted earlier, has abolished the Hanafi law on the presumption of legitimacy stated in the paragraph above.

Legitimacy in Muslim law is established by birth in a marriage (as defined in the Indian Evidence Act) or by the doctrine of acknowledgement. A father can acknowledge paternity provided that

1) the child is of unknown paternity

2) there is no definite proof that the child is the result of adulterous intercourse, and

3) there can be no rebuttal of the presumption of paternity of another by the acknowledgement.

A child of illicit or adulterous intercourse (zina) can never be legitimised by acknowledgement. He remains illegitimate. An illegitimate child has no rights on or relationship with the father.

Maternity is established in the woman who gives birth to the child. In Hanafi law, maternity is established in every case; in Shiite law, only in the case of legitimate children. Hence under Hanafi law, an illegitimate child is entitled to inherit the property of its mother and her relations, but not that of its father or his relations. Under Shiite law, an illegitimate child can not inherit from either of the parents, or through them, from any of their relations.

Under Hanafi law there is no obligation on a Muslim father to maintain his illegitimate child, but the child is entitled to receive maintenance from the mother. Under Shiite law, the illegitimate child is not entitled to maintenance from either parent.

A Muslim is allowed to bequeath only a third of his property by will, so a Muslim father can leave only a third of his property to his illegitimate children. But there is no limitation on the gifts he can give them during his lifetime.

Muslim law does not state who should be the guardian of illegitimate children or who should have their custody. Generally the courts give the guardianship and custody of such children to the mother.

## CHRISTIAN LAW

A child is legitimate or not under Christian law as described by Section 112 of the Indian Evidence Act quoted earlier. As regards the legitimacy of children of parents whose marriage has been declared a nullity, Section 21 of Indian Divorce Act, 1869 (which covers matrimonial causes of Christians only) states as follows: **Where a marriage is annulled on the ground that a former husband or wife was living, and it is adjudged that the subsequent marriage was contracted in good faith and with the full belief of the parties that the former husband or wife was dead, or when a marriage is annulled on the ground of insanity, children begotten before the decree is made shall be specified in the decree, and shall be entitled to succeed, in the same manner as legitimate children, to the estate of the parent who at the time of the marriage was competent to contract.**

Illegitimate children not covered by Section 21 are not entitled to succeed to the property of either parent or any other relative through them under the Indian Succession Act, 1925, which governs succession to the property of Christians.

However, a Christian is entitled to bequeath his property by will and he may leave a part of or all his property to an illegitimate child. Should he have legitimate and illegitimate children and should he leave his property "to my children" only his legitimate children will obtain his property, for Section 100 of the Indian Succession Act states that :

**Words expressing relationship denote only legitimate relatives or failing such relatives those reputed to be legitimate.**

So if he has legitimate and illegitimate children, the latter will be excluded from inheritance by the former. Only if he has no legitimate children, will his illegitimate children succeed, provided that they are reputed to be his legitimate children though they may not be legitimate in the strict legal sense.

A person wishing to provide for his illegitimate children should take care to name them in his will rather than designate them by a class.

## PARSI LAW

The presumption of legitimacy is as in Section 112 of the Indian Evidence Act described earlier.

Illegitimate children are not entitled to succeed to the property of either parent or their relations. A Parsi is entitled to dispose of his property by will and may leave a part or all his property to his illegitimate offspring. Section 100 of the Indian Succession Act applies to the construction of wills made by Parsis and hence illegitimate children should be mentioned by name if the intention is that they should not be excluded by legitimate children.

## CIVIL LAW

Children of parents whose marriages have been annulled under the Special Marriage Act, 1954, are deemed to be the legitimate children of their parents by Section 26 of the Act. This section corresponds to Section 16 of the Hindu Marriage Act described earlier. Such children do not acquire rights in the property of persons other than the parents, in any case where, but for the passing of this Act, such child would have been incapable of possessing or acquiring any such rights by reason of not being the legitimate child of its parents.

## GENERAL LAW

Irrespective of the personal law of the parties, Section 125 of The Code of Criminal Procedure, 1973, states that if any person of sufficient means, neglects or refuses to maintain his illegitimate minor child, whether married or not, unable to maintain itself, a magistrate may order him to make a monthly allowance, at a rate not exceeding Rs. 500 as the magistrate thinks fit, and to such person as the magistrate directs. If the illegitimate child (not being a married daughter) is a major, but cannot support itself on account of some physical or mental abnormality or injury, then too the magistrate is entitled to pass a maintenance order.

* * *

After surveying all our laws which have a bearing on the subject, we can conclude that the law is discriminatory to the illegitimate child. Only the Criminal Procedure Code does not distinguish between illegitimate children and legitimate children, but places them on par. This is not the result of an appreciation of the fact that a child is not illegitimate for any fault of his. It is merely a measure to prevent vagrancy. An illegitimate child which cannot maintain itself may prove to be as much of a public nuisance as a legitimate child and hence a father who has the means to do so, is forced to maintain it in order to reduce the burden on the state.

It is time that we change our laws so that the economic burden of illegitimacy does not fall upon children who are least equipped to bear it, but on the parents, both father and mother, who should not be allowed to escape their obligations to a human life they brought into being. Neither they nor the state should make a distinction between legitimate and illegitimate children.

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**Mrs. Rahimtoola will entertain queries pertaining to personal law, particularly in connection with women's rights. Queries must be addressed to her C/o Eve's Weekly and accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes. Typical queries and answers will be published periodically.**

# LET DOWN YOUR HAIR!

It is said that a woman's hair is her crowning glory. Poets in ancient times had always glorified the long flowing tresses of women. Today, by contrast, there are members of the fair sex who take delight in bobbing their hair. Also, hair setting in the 20th century has become such a meticulous and expensive affair, apart from being time consuming, that cutting the hair is considered time saving and money saving. Therefore, today we see so many females resembling boys that seeing a long-haired Rapunzel is really a feast for the eyes.

One such Rapunzel is 11-year-old Namrata Marfatia, a student of St. Theresa's Convent, Santacruz, who has long, straight hair flirting with her ankles as she walks. She is forced to contain it in two three-folded braids most of the time. No scissor has ever made contact with Namrata's hair since she was born, yet surprisingly enough, her hair has not split at the ends.

The entire credit for the upkeep of Namrata's hair should go to her mother, who grooms it with utmost finesse. She takes care to ensure that it does not get knotted up, and it takes over an hour to plait Namrata's hair. Shikakai (soapnut) is used to wash the hair, which is done once a fortnight.

Long hair "runs" in Namrata's family. Elder sister Nikita and Mama Marfatia can also boast of a luxuriant growth of hair.

Tall, agile, sharp-featured, wheat complexioned, with a hint of shyness would be an apt way of describing Dr. (Mrs.) Jyoti Deshpande. But her most striking feature is the long braided hair, like a thick black rope trailing down her back, nearly kissing the ground ("It is God's gift," she says).

Dr. Jyoti feels there is nothing extraordinary about her hair, just that it is unusually long. Daily, it takes her nearly an hour and a half to oil her hair (coconut oil), undo the knots, comb it and braid it into a single plait.

For a very busy person like her, washing the hair once a week is out of the question. So she washes it once a month or fortnight as it takes nearly the whole day — rinsing it thoroughly, drying it, etc. Such long hair takes very long to dry, so Dr. Jyoti uses a hair-drier now and then.

Dr. Jyoti's usual hair-do is a single plait. Very rarely does she make a bun, as she looks like a twin-headed female (so big is the bun). Besides, the heavy weight of the bun gives her a headache.

The common belief is that people with long hair are usually stunted in growth, because most of their nutritive intake goes to the hair leaving their body undernourished. This of course is a fallacy, the tallest giantess in the world, Jane Bunford, of England, (7 feet 7 inches tall) wore her hair in two plaits which reached down to her ankles. And Dr. Jyoti herself is no less than five feet six inches in height.

As for the longest hair in the world, a male holds the record. Swami Pandarasannadhi, the head of the Thiruvadus Thurai monastery in India, was reported in 1494 as having the longest hair in the world — 26 feet in length!

**Ganga Shenoy**

**Jyoti Deshpande.**

**LEFT : Namrata, Nikita and Mrs. Marfatia.**

## THAT'S A LAUGH!

**Nurse: "What church do you belong to?"**

**Patient: "None."**

**Nurse: "Well, what church do you go to when you do go?"**

**Patient: "If you must know, the church which I stay from most of the time when I don't go is the Baptist."**

* * *

**Prison Chaplain (to prisoner about to be discharged): "Now my man, remember what I said in my sermon last Sunday. Make up your mind never to come back here."**

**Prisoner (deeply moved): "No man who ever heard you preach would want to come back here."**

* * *

**"Some of our Congressmen drink more than they can stand."**

**"How do you know?"**

**"Why, I read the other day in the paper about one member who made a speech from the floor of the house."**

* * *

**It is said when Marilyn Monroe reached the gates of heaven, St. Peter reduced all her vital statistics by six inches, so she wouldn't be**

**the cause of sinful thoughts in the male angels.**

* * *

**Mrs. Shah (meeting politician at party): "I've heard a great deal about you."**

**Politician (absently): Possibly, but you can't prove it."**

* * *

**A political haranguer once asked Groucho Marx, "Have you heard my last speech?"**

**Groucho answered, "I sincerely hope I have."**

* * *

**Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish patriot, once met a conceited literary friend and exclaimed: "I saw a capital thing in your last pamphlet."**

**"Did you?" eagerly replied his delighted listener, "what was it?"**

**"A codfish."**

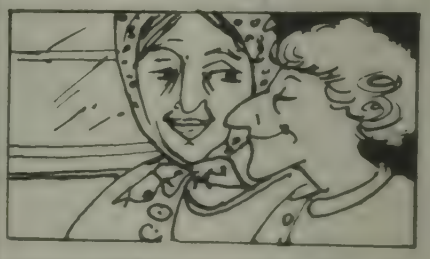
* * *

**Sir Louis Morris was complaining to Oscar Wilde about the neglect of his poems in the press. "It's a complete conspiracy against me. What should I do?"**

**"Join it," said Wilde.**

* * *

**It was a London bus and two "smart" young things**



**were talking to each other at the top of their voices. At last the conductor could stand it no longer. As the bus neared the next stop, he called out in a high pitched voice: "Dahlings, here's too, too sweet Smith Street."**

**After that, silence reigned.**

* * *

**"What started the Grand Canyon?"**

**"A Scotchman lost a penny in a ditch."**

* * *

**Compiled by George Fegradoe**

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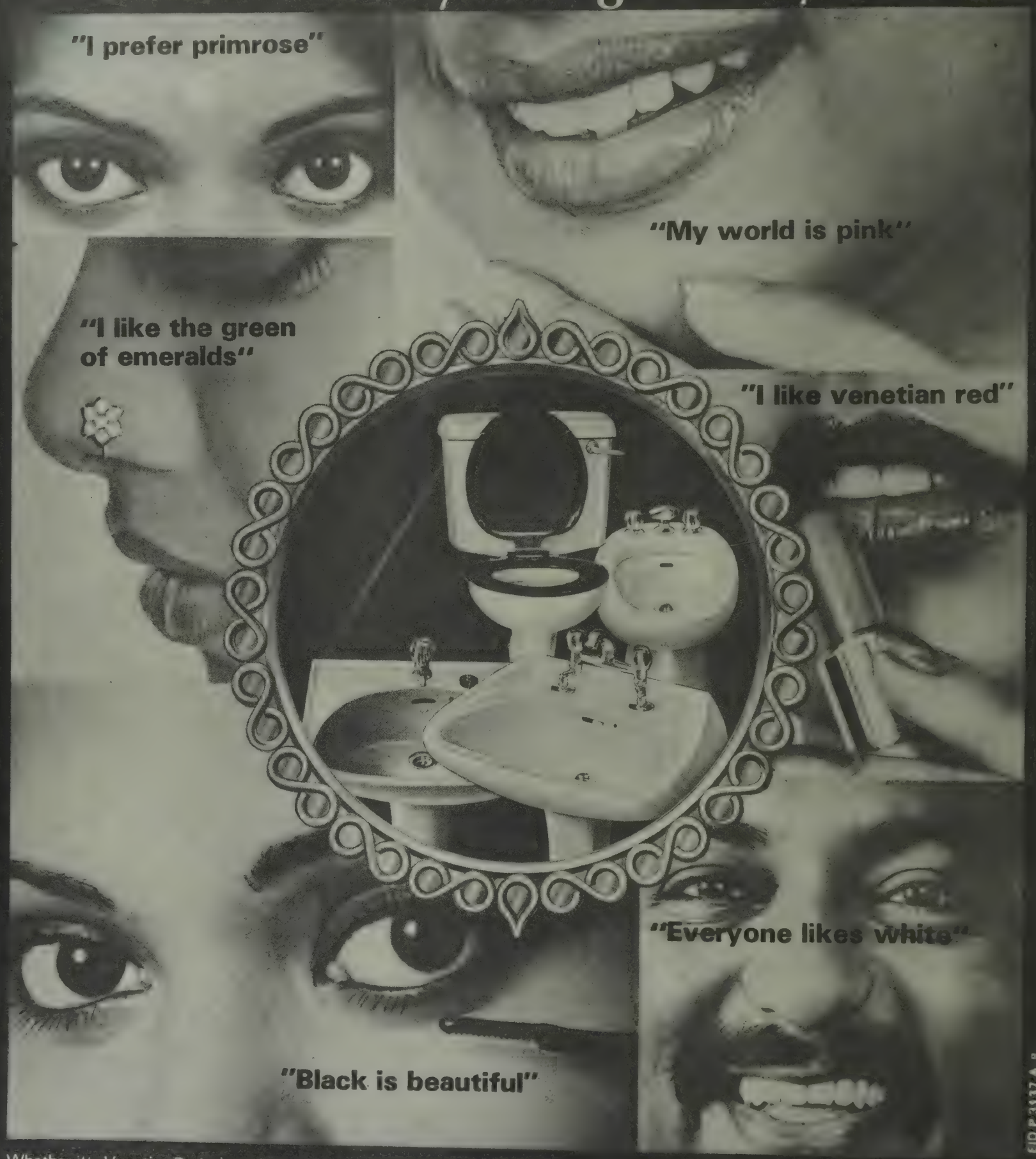


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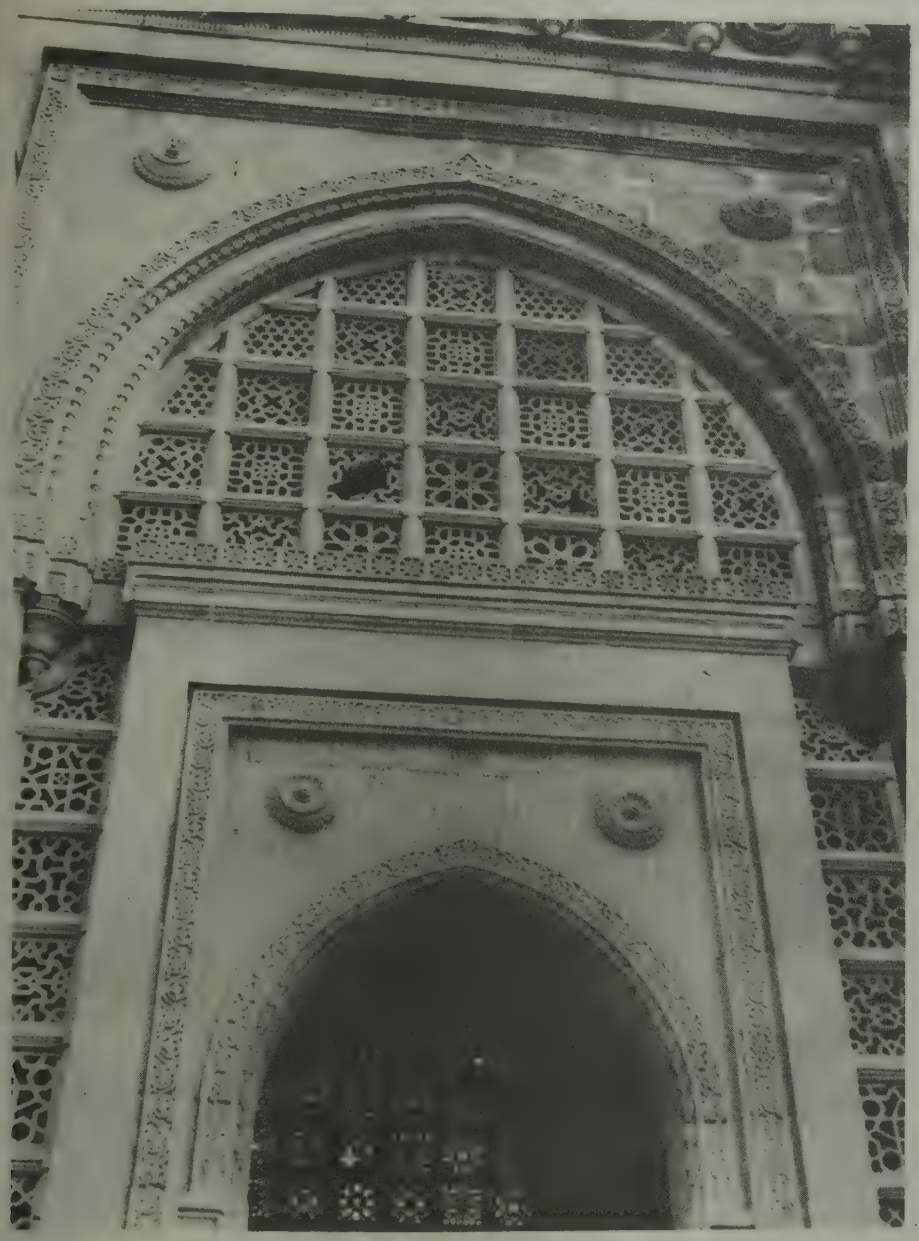
A brief course on how to take photographs instead of just snapshots.

—18



# OLD SOL DOES IT

**Homi Kharas**

"Photo" in the word photography stands for light. And photographic images are variations of light and shade which can be skillfully arranged by the artist. In the photographer's studio he has floodlights and spotlights which he arranges for the correct modelling of features. In the world outside he has the good old sun to paint with light.

Let us take a piece of architecture. You see it in the first picture, with all the exquisite carvings and jali-work. But the picture flops because there is no play of light and shade.

Now look at the second picture of a plain subject. Just the wall and windows of an old house in a crowded lane. But this subject springs to life, thanks to the splashes of sunlight on it. Note the fascinating shadows cast by the windows. Isn't it a prettier picture than the first one?

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The VTI has a fabulous collection of lovely handicrafts in metal, ivory, wood, cane, leather, also carpets, chosen with discrimination from various places; and exquisitely hand-embroidered articles.

The South Indian Women's Workshop (SIWW), a section of the VTI, deals exclusively in needlework — Venetian lace, richelieu, petit-point, cross-stitch, etc. Some of the hand-embroidered items have been featured here, also cuddly toys.

To mark the forthcoming centenary celebrations, VTI will hold an exhibition-cum-sale on September 25, 26, 27 at the In-Place, Oberoi Towers, Bombay, where a wide range of unusual items will be on view.

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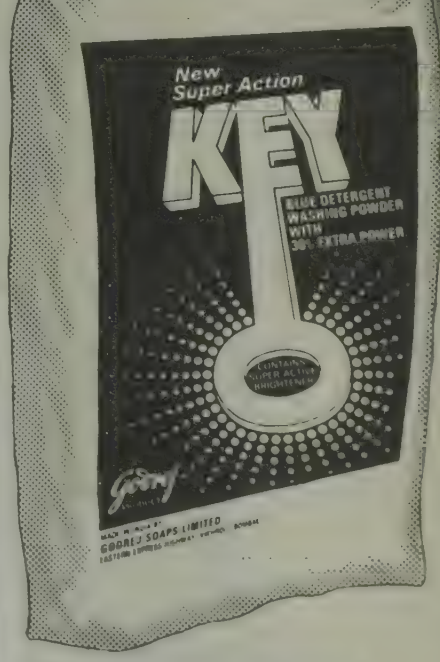


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# YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

# on the streets with AAVHAAN

**Sarmistha Ray**

6.30 p.m. Grant Road Station, Bombay. Tired commuters hurry to and fro. There are people, people, people, everywhere. And suddenly this unending stream stops. An island forms on the crowded pavement. People surround it while a group of students call out, "Aao re Aao, dekho re dekho, natak dekho." (come and watch a play).

I first saw a street-play put up by **Aavhaan Theatre Workshop,** a year ago, outside Grant Road Station, and the experience was unbelievable. Contrary to all past ideas, I saw a dynamic living theatre. People were standing on the streets, instead of running for trains — watching a play. They were not getting bored or laughing derisively at this new kind of theatre, bereft of all the trappings of traditional theatre. They were enjoying the play, nodding in approval, laughing at the right places, jostling each other, craning their necks and straining their eyes, so as not to miss a single word or a single movement. From a crowd of 250, only one or two persons left before the play finished.

**The "Election Boycott" skit performed at a Govandi slum.**

**RIGHT: The "Fee Rise" skit performed outside the Bombay university.**

Photographs : Sanobar Aspandiar

Aavhaan Theatre Workshop has been on the streets of Bombay for over a year now, with a series of "productions". Their plays have been successful by any standards, although there is no box-office to prove it. But why street-theatre? A spokesman for Aavhaan outlines their aims and purpose. "We all do theatre in school and college — Moliere, Miller, Ionesco, tragedies, comedies etc. But then, some of us students felt that this was not enough. . ."

Conventional theatre was reaching out to few people — an elite. Moreover there was an urgent need to communicate certain ideas to people and this could be done only by breaking away from the existing theatre.

So, Aavhaan decided to make its own theatre. It had to be something absolutely new and original. It had to be mobile. It had to be effective on streets and crowded areas and moreover it had to be **heard** above the hub-bub of the city. There could be no conventional theatre-aids, no stage, curtains, mikes, props and no fixed and seated audience.

Hence Aavhaan had to rely completely on actors and evolve for itself a new language of theatre. Use of the body — hands, posture, are very important.

All Aavhaan skits are collective efforts. There is no script writer. Usually there is just a co-ordinator who fulfils the roles of director, producer, and manager. At the meetings there are problems of selecting the subject. A subject must be of a general nature, a problem affecting all our lives. Moreover it must be topical, so as to create a greater impact.

The skit is divided into sections. If it deals with the student world there will be "scenes" of the university, college, canteen, library, bookshops etc. If the skit deals with the subject of a factory the divisions are made between capitalists, workers, trade-union leaders and the police. The various scenes are held together by a narrator, who performs a similar role to that of the "jamure" in Indian folk theatre.

Aavhaan has effectively produced several plays on the above structure — two student skits on the Fee-Rise and Compulsory Attendance; skits of a general nature have been on police atrocities, on Lok Sabha and Assembly Elections, the Essential Services Act and a skit for striking factory workers.

**The Fee-Rise skit** attempts to show the arbitrary nature of the fee-rise which adversely affected a large number of students, led to hardships for anxious parents and yet resulted in no real improvement of a faulty educational system. The "jamure" takes the audience around the University and points out the senate, where the majority of the members are unelected and are merely there by virtue of having enough money.

The college scene shows a cross-section of students, a few active, some inert. But a decision is taken that something must be done. They take out a morcha which gets lathi-charged. All this is shown stylistically. Students arising with raised fists and then bending double, protecting themselves against "lathis". One student, a "bakra", (scapegoat) is charged by the court.

The students are temporarily defeated and the senate does a witch-dance accompanied by a song. The skit ends on a positive note, that is, injustice can only stop if students unite and fight as a single force.

**The Election skits,** which were of a more general appeal than the Fee-Rise one, sought to expose the present democratic system which begins and ends in the ballot box. Do we all as conscious citizens have to go through this farce? Aavhaan feels that our strength is in ourselves. It is for us to fashion our own future and not become tools of scheming politicians and their financiers.

The skit which was performed largely in slums and working class areas of Parel and Lalbaug met with immense success. The police tried to stop the performance once and were faced with an outraged audience who told them to get out and that they wanted to hear what "these students had to say." When the election results came out, official figures said that voting was as low as 374 in Bombay and in some areas a mere 224. People were indifferent to these elections and "Sunday" magazine reported that

**Continued on page 55**

# THE WINNIN

This is the third of six fashion features which will enable you to wardrobe from the most popular and exclusive boutiques of De Bombay — NALINI SAREES. This "Winning Wardrobe" scheme w nounced in Eve's Weekly issues dated June 28 and July 5, 1980.

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3. Only the six coupons collected should be sent to the Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

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# Lakshmi

Aarti Madan

IN school Lakshmi and I had been the best of friends. We shared our notes, our secrets, our tiffin and whatever else we could. She came from an orthodox, affluent, Telugu family. My parents were middle-class, rather unorthodox Punjabis. Yet we were very close. Or perhaps, it was the difference in our family backgrounds that had brought us together. Whatever it may be, ours was a beautiful friendship. We completed school and then my father was transferred to Vizag. We corresponded for some time, but later on we lost touch with each other. I had made new friends and, moreover, my studies at a medical college did not leave me much leisure time. I thought that it must have been the same with her.

Years passed. I completed medicine. My father retired and decided to settle down in Hyderabad. He bought a ground floor flat and we all shifted back. Soon after, I hunted up Lakshmi's address and went to visit her. Her house was still the same palatial mansion with a lush lawn in front. I went in and Lakshmi's mother greeted me very affectionately on recognising me. She called her daughter. Lakshmi came, and her face lighted with joy, reminding me of our pleasant school days. But she was not the same Lakshmi I had known, only a shadow of her old self. She had grown darker, lean to the point of being emaciated and her face had lost its bright, cheerful and intelligent look.

"What are you doing these days?" I asked her casually.

"Nothing," she replied shyly with a hint of embarrassment.

It surprised me. Lakshmi had always been a good student. "Don't tell me that you are doing nothing. You must be utilising your degree in some way," I said.

"What degree?" her mother asked wryly "Lakshmi is only Inter pass, since then she has been sitting at home."

I was astonished to hear the sarcastic way in which she spoke. Lakshmi looked uneasy, but did not say anything. She merely pulled me into her room. It was an isolated place at the top of the house, with a wide terrace in front. We had a friendly chat for some time and then I left. But her mother's words kept haunting me. Lakshmi, a distinction student, not studying beyond Intermediate! It seemed ridiculous. I decided to find out the reason. I visited her many times after that. Our friendship was renewed. We were both mature and appreciated each other even more than before.

One day I asked her. At first, she tried to evade the question but when I pressed, she broke down. I let her cry for some time. Then she calmed down and told me her pathetic story. When she joined Inter, a businessman and his family came to stay in the opposite house. There were two sons, of whom the elder was married and the younger one, Mohan was studying in college. Mohan and Lakshmi would meet daily in the nearby club where they played badminton and other games. Soon they fell in love. When Lakshmi completed her Intermediate and Mohan his B.A. and their exams were over, they were in a mood to celebrate.

On that day, Lakshmi lied to her parents that she was going to spend the day with a friend. She and Mohan went for a movie and then had lunch in a hotel. There unfortunately, a near relative of Lakshmi's saw them and noticed their obvious intimacy and reported to her parents the next day. Her parents were outraged and all of Lakshmi's pleadings fell on deaf ears. To her orthodox parents, marriage with a boy of a lower caste was unthinkable. Her remonstrances only stiffened her parents' resolve further. She was not only not allowed to continue her studies but was even not allowed to go out by herselt.

Mohan too fared no better with his parents, but being a boy, he did not have to face the restrictions and humiliation that Lakshmi did. Finding the situation desperate and no prospect of change in their parents' attitude, Lakshmi and Mohan met one dark night and decided to elope. They ran away to Nagpur taking with them all the money and jewellery they could lay their hands on.

They went to a temple and persuaded the priest there to marry them for a very handsome fee. Life for them was now a love poem, a period of unmixed joy. Although this was their first visit to Nagpur, they rarely went out from the hotel where they

lived. Days and nights passed in a state of ecstacy, but their funds were running short. As strangers in the city Mohan had no way of earning money and they were down to their last two hundred rupees. Most of Lakshmi's jewellery had been sold.

They discussed their plight and decided that they had no other alternative but to return to Hyderabad to their parents. They had no doubt that their parents would accept their marriage, especially after their long honeymoon. The first thing they did was to meet Mohan's parents. But the unexpected happened. Mohan's parents promptly called Lakshmi's parents over to their place and without a word to Lakshmi they took her home. Now life was a nightmare of insults, angry comments and a rigid ban on her going out of the house.

But everything would not have turned out so badly had Mohan been a strong character. He weakly yielded to his parents' perpetual pestering and married a girl from his own caste! Later his family sold their house and shifted elsewhere. And before long Mohan settled down in the family business and thought of Lakshmi only as an exciting interlude in his life.

When Lakshmi told me her story, I was stirred to the very core. For some time, I sat stunned. I was filled with anger at her parents who thought their caste prejudices more important than their daughter's happiness, and with disgust for Mohan. How could any young man be so weak, so lacking in loyalty?

**SHE WAS NOT THE SAME GIRL I HAD KNOWN, BUT A SHADOW OF HER OLD SELF. SHE HAD GROWN DARKER, LEAN TO THE POINT OF BEING EMACIATED AND HER FACE HAD LOST ITS BRIGHT, CHEERFUL LOOK**

Then a few months later, when I had gone to meet her, I found her very excited. This was the first time since our reunion that I found her eyes bright and face glowing. She finally burst out, "I'm getting married!" She told me that her father had fixed up her marriage with a distant relative. I was glad to hear this, but did not rejoice with her. Her father had kept her elopment a complete secret so that even their closest relatives and friends knew nothing about it. But one can never be sure. Suppose her husband found out? To the Indian male, to find out that his wife has had a premarital affair is an unforgivable insult to his ego.

But she was optimistic, rather she was in such a desperate state of frustration that she refused to face the truth. She longed only for a reprieve from this life of isolation and rejection. "He's such a nice man. I'm sure, even if he finds out I can make him understand and forgive me."

I was not so sure. I know the Indian male too well to share her pathetic faith in his nobility. But she seemed so eager, so anxious to believe that all her troubles were over that I had no heart to express my doubts.

She got married with a dowry of rupees one lakh. That day, after I returned from her wedding, I spent a sleepless night, praying for the success of her marriage, but knowing even then that I was hoping for something improbable.

A few days later, in the hospital. I was discussing a case with the Civil surgeon, when a nurse came and reported an emergency case. The doctor asked me to assist him. The case was like several others that come daily to the hospital. The victim had been burnt badly and there was a horrible disfigurement. She had been brought in too late and though we tried, we could not save her.

We were just walking away when, to my immense surprise, Lakshmi's mother came weeping towards us. "Lakshmi, my darling," she wailed. I had to stop her and calm her before she could say anything. I listened horrified as she told me that Lakshmi had got burned and been admitted into the hospital. Lakshmi, so the disfigured patient we had been unable to save was my friend.

My head started reeling and if the doctor had not supported me, I would have collapsed. The cruelty with which life had treated Lakshmi made me sick at heart. To Lakshmi's parents and to me, it was obvious that her husband, in league, with his parents, had set her on fire. It was cold blooded murder and nothing else. But money has the power to hush up everything and her death was declared as suicide. And her own parents did not contest this verdict. After all their daughter was dead. Why bismirch the family name by bringing out the unsavoury past?

That night as I sat thinking of my dear friend, I realised that neither of the men with whom Lakshmi had been involved had even suffered a twinge of pain. Mohan was leading a prosperous life with his plump wife and children and her husband would also settle down soon with another wife and Lakshmi's large dowry. Only the poor girl who had never really wronged any one had to suffer all her life and then die a horrible death. It is always the woman who pays. I remembered then that at one of the Inter-medicals, a Delhite had asked our college President about the influence of the Woman's Liberation Movement in the South. Our President had smugly replied that it had hardly reached our part of the country. I realised, only after this tragedy, how true it was. Women here are willing to suffer and be tortured because of the age-old myth of male superiority. I now vaguely understood what women's liberation meant.

One morning, some months later, my mother was talking the usual stuff about arranging my marriage. Until recently, I had considered myself rather unfortunate for not having fallen in love with someone, but now I knew that I had in fact been lucky. My mother was, meanwhile, still extolling an eligible bachelor's looks, qualifications and wealth. That was all that mattered to my parents. I started wondering what that young man would be expecting from his wife, and I thought to myself that I, for one, would not be a very humble and docile wife.

**ALL STORIES AND ARTICLES SENT FOR CONSIDERATION MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE**

INGREDIENTS: The Right Way

# SAUCES

Premila Lal

**Sauces in general make a simple dish a memorable one. In early days, sauces were used to disguise the flavour of long-stored meat. Today, they are used mainly to add flavour to bland food, give colour to simple meals and to moisten dry food. Sauces can be classified as savoury and dessert sauces. The savoury ones include the white, brown and egg-based like mayonnaise, hollandaise and bearnise. These basic sauces can be varied and flavoured according to taste with cheese, butter, onion, or parsley. The dessert sauces are the chocolate, butter-scotch, lemon curd, orange or apple. They are most often served warm over baked and steamed puddings, stewed fruits or with ice cream.**

**The main ingredient of all these sauces are the basic liquids — milk, wine, stock, vegetable or fruit juices. These are thickened with fat, flour, arrowroot, eggs or cream, or reduced to a desired consistency. The recipes given here suggest the basic combinations which are most widely used over grilled meat or fish dishes or cold salads and desserts.**

## BARBECUE SAUCE

As the name indicates, it is used to marinate fish, meat, and vegetables before cooking or serving. Also used as a basting sauce while the meat is cooking.

**3 cloves garlic, flaked**
**½ cup olive oil**
**2 tbsps. anchovy paste**
**2 cups strong consomme**
**1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce**
**¼ tsp. pepper**
**1 tbsp. sago (tapioca)**
**Salt to taste**

Saute the garlic in olive oil. Add the anchovy paste. Mix thoroughly and add consomme, Worcester sauce and other seasonings. Simmer for five minutes, then add the sago. As the mixture comes to a boil and begins to thicken, remove the pan from the fire. Serve hot, with steaks and all kinds of grilled meat.

## BASIC BROWN SAUCE

**¼ cup bacon, diced**
**1 large onion, diced**
**2 tbsps. butter**
**2 tbsps. flour**
**A glass of wine**
**½ cup carrots, diced**
**1¼ pint meat stock**
**250 grams tomatoes, chopped**
**2 bay leaves**
**¼ tsp. pepper, freshly ground**
**Salt to taste**

Put the bacon in a pan and fry on a very low flame until the fat melts. Add carrots, onions, bay leaves and pepper. When brown, add wine. Simmer for five minutes. Remove from fire. In another pan melt the butter and blend in the flour and brown, stirring constantly. Gradually blend in half the stock. Bring to a boil and pour over the bacon mixture. Return the bacon pan to fire. Now put in the rest of the stock and the remaining ingredients. Simmer for forty-five minutes or until the consistency of the white sauce. Sieve and bottle when cool.

## BEARNAISE SAUCE

This sauce is similar to hollandaise sauce, but has a sharper flavour. Served with grilled meat or fish.

**2 small onions, chopped**
**2 sprigs parsley, chopped**
**Thyme**
**A bay leaf**
**3 dashes black pepper, ground**
**½ tumbler white wine**
**1 dtsp. cold water**
**4 tbsps. butter, melted**
**4 egg yolks**
**Salt to taste**

Put the onions, parsley, thyme, bay leaf and ground pepper in a pan. Add the wine. Let it boil until reduced to one tablespoon. Strain this into a pyrex bowl. Now place the bowl into a small saucepan half filled with water. Add a dessertspoon of water and keep the pan on a very, very gentle flame. Add the butter very gradually and the well-beaten egg yolks. Keep stirring to avoid the sauce from curdling. When the sauce thickens, and shines like mayonnaise, remove from fire. Keep stirring for some time longer.

## BECHAMEL SAUCE

A tasty cream sauce made with part stock and part milk.

**1½ cups milk**
**1 inch piece carrot, diced**
**2 inch piece celery**
**1 onion**
**2 cloves**
**6 peppercorns**
**Blade of mace**
**1 tsp. butter**
**1 tsp. flour**
**1 tbsp. cream**

Put the milk in a pan with the carrot, onion, celery, cloves, peppercorns and mace. Cook gently over low heat without boiling. Remove after five minutes and let it stand for fifteen minutes. Strain. Melt the butter in a pan and stir in the flour. Gradually blend in the milk and simmer until the mixture thickens. Remove from fire and stir in the cream.

## EGG LEMON SAUCE

**3 eggs**
**½ cup lemon juice**
**2 cups hot broth**
**½ tsp. dill, chopped**
**Salt if necessary**

Separate the egg whites and beat till stiff. Add egg yolks and beat till creamy. Add lemon juice and dill and serve immediately over cooked cabbage or boiled or grilled fish.

## LEMON CURD

**3 large lemons, juice extract**
**Grated rind of the lemons**
**3 eggs**
**227 grams sugar**
**125 grams butter**

In the top of a double boiler, pour in the lemon juice, rind, butter and sugar. Cook until the sugar dissolves. Beat the eggs well and stir into the lemon mixture. Cook until thick, stirring frequently to ensure an even texture. Strain into jam jars and allow to cool before securing the lid. Store in the refrigerator.

## TOMATO SAUCE

**1 kg ripe tomatoes, skin and chopped**
**2 onions, finely diced**
**½ cup sugar**
**½ pint vinegar**
**1 tbsp. spices**
**3 cloves**
**1 tsp. peppercorns**
**1 tsp. salt**
**2 tbsps. cornflour**

Tie the spices in a piece of muslin. Mix the cornflour with a little vinegar. Put all the ingredients into a pan and slowly bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer gently for one-and-a-half-hour. Remove the bag of spices and sieve the sauce. Bottle when cool. Ready for immediate use.

## MAYONNAISE

Like hollandaise and bearnaise sauces it is based on eggs and fat, but oil is used instead of butter. Serve with salads, cold meat, poultry, vegetable and fish dishes.

**1 egg yolk**
**¼ tsp. salt**
**½ tsp. mustard powder**
**Pinch castor sugar**
**Pepper to taste**
**¼ pint salad oil**
**1 tbsp. white vinegar or lime juice**

In a mixer, beat the egg yolk until thick. Beat in the salt, mustard, sugar and pepper. Add the oil gradually drop by drop, whisking vigorously between each addition, so that it does not curdle. As the mayonnaise thickens and becomes shiny, the oil may be added in a thin streak. Finally blend in the vinegar.

## HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

This egg based sauce is superb with vegetables, fish, broiled chicken or veal. This rich sauce requires care and practice to prevent it from curdling.

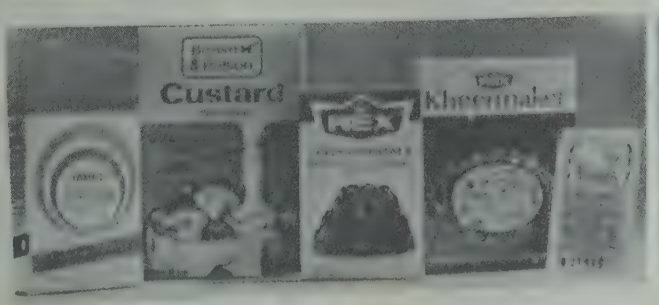
**2 tbsps. lime juice or vinegar**
**2 tbsps. hot water**
**½ cup butter or margarine, melted**
**Salt and pepper to taste**
**3 egg yolks**
**6 peppercorns**

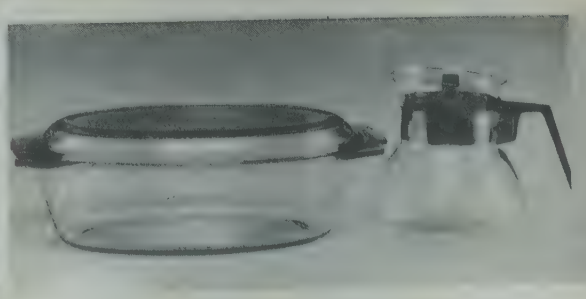
In a heavy saucepan, whisk the egg yolks until smooth but not too fluffy. Blend in the lime juice, butter, hot water, salt and pepper and peppercorns. Cook over low heat, beat until the sauce thickens.

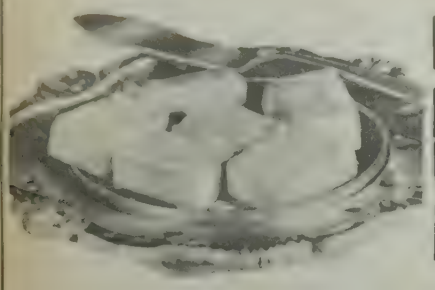
### NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

**The Cookery Queen for the month of October will receive, in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100:**

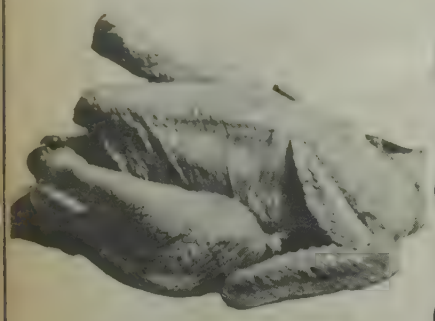
1) A non-stick coated Saucepan from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, 2) A Gift Hamper from CORN PRODUCTS, containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine, 3) An oval Casserole set and a 4-cup Carafe or cash equivalent from BOROSIL GLASS WORKS LIMITED, 4) A 5.5 litres Sainik Pressure Cooker from EVERGREEN TRADES AND AGENCIES, Bombay and 5) A Postman Cook Book from AHMED MILLS, Bombay.



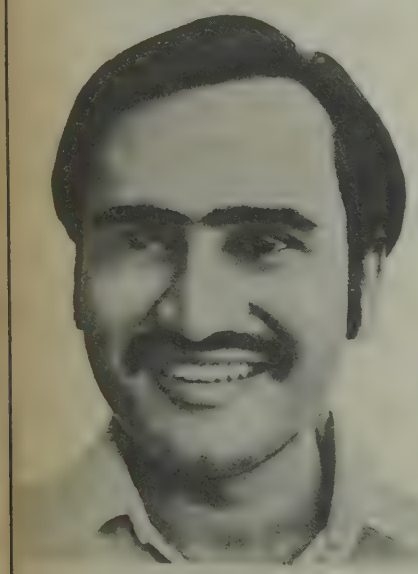





**Leonard preserves butter in Bangkok**



**Leonard keeps chicken fresh in Chikmagalur**



**Leonard keeps Prashant smiling in Pathankot**

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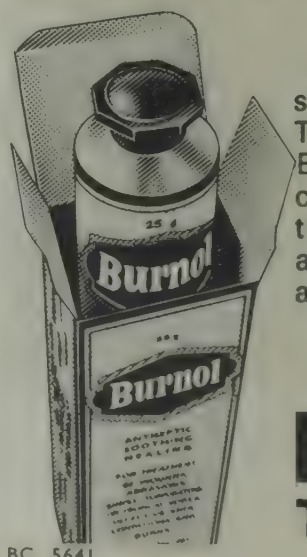
## Don't treat burns like other injuries.

# Quick, get the burns specialist!

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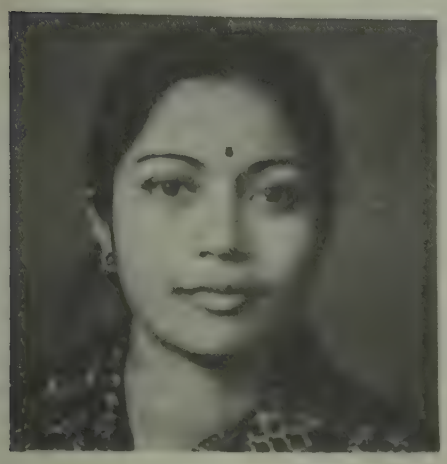
# RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Mrs. Shyamala Karra, Calcutta.

## CHAKKAR KELI KULFI

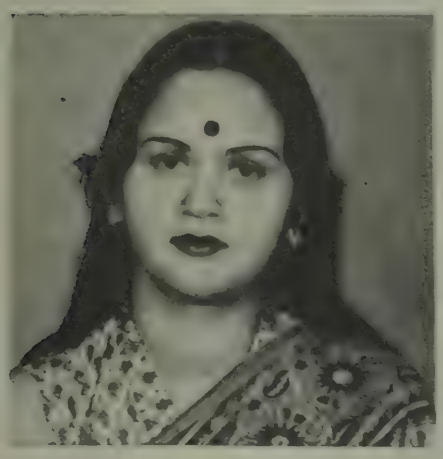
**2½ cups milk**
**1½ cups sugar**
**2 tbsps. cream**
**25 grams butter**
**2 large ripe, red bananas**
**Yellow edible colour**

Slice the bananas finely, add half cup milk, cream and beat to a fine paste. Keep aside.

Boil the remaining two cups milk, adding sugar and butter, stirring continuously, till the milk thickens. Cool.

Mix all the ingredients. Pour into ice trays and freeze. After two hours beat with a fork and freeze again for smooth setting.

If red bananas are not available, any other variety may be used.



Mrs. Saroj Singh, 56 APO.

## POTATO STUFFED PANCAKES

FOR THE PANCAKE:

**1½ cups flour**
**1 egg**
**½ cup milk**

FOR THE FILLING:

**10 medium size potatoes**
**3-4 green chillis, chopped**
**A bunch, coriander leaves, chopped**
**1 tsp. garam masala**
**½ cup groundnuts, roasted and and chopped**
**Salt to taste**
**Ghee for frying**
**Breadcrumbs**
**1 egg, lightly beaten**

Lightly beat the flour and egg in a bowl. Add milk slowly to make a batter. More milk may be added if necessary. The batter should be fairly thick. Prepare several pancakes as usual. Boil and mash the potatoes. Add the chopped green chillis, coriander leaves, garam masala, and roughly chopped groundnuts. Take one pancake, spread a little of this potato mixture over it. Take care that the whole pancake is covered. Roll it like a swiss roll and cut into one inch pieces. Use all the potato mixture likewise on the other pan cake. Dip these cut pieces in the lightly beaten egg, coat with breadcrumbs and deep fry. Serve hot with sauce.

Mrs. Kamla Spolia, Chandigarh.

## CABBAGE PARATHAS

**1 tender cabbage**
**1 piece ginger**
**4 green chillis**
**1 bunch coriander leaves**
**A few mint leaves**
**1 tsp. pomegranate seeds**
**1 tsp. chilli powder**
**1 tsp. garam masala**
**1 tsp. pepper**
**Salt to taste**
**Flour as required**
**Ghee**

Discard the top layers of the cabbage. Wash and grate. Drain. Chop the ginger, green chillis, coriander and mint leaves. Add all these along with the pomegranate, chilli powder, garam masala, pepper and salt to the cabbage and mix well.

Put a little salt in the flour and knead to a firm dough. Keep aside for half an hour. Make small balls. Roll out two balls at a time. Spread cabbage mixture on one, cover with the other and roll out a little more. Fry them crisp as required.

## WEEKLY WINNER

**SHALINI VERMA, Pune.**

**Mrs. Verma wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 9-cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products, a utility dish and 2 cup Carafe or cash equivalent from Borosil Glass Works and a cook book from Ahmed Mills, Bombay.**

## SPROUTED WHEAT CUTLETS

**1 cup sprouted wheat**
**3 medium sized potatoes**
**100 grams peas (fresh or frozen)**
**½ tsp. aniseeds**
**½ tsp. coriander powder**
**3-4 cloves garlic, flaked**
**Salt and chillis to taste**
**Oil for frying**

To sprout the wheat — soak the wheat in sufficient water for three days, and then tied in a muslin for the next three days.

Boil, peel and mash the potatoes. Steam the sprouted wheat in pressure cooker for two minutes. Grind it coarsely with garlic, chilli and aniseeds. Add the mashed potatoes, lightly mash ed peas, salt, pepper, and coriander powder Divide into ten or twelve portions. Shape like cutlets and deep fry till golden brown. Serve hot with green chutney.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

### Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

**All cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Contest, have to send in their recipes, non-vegetarian or vegetarian, according to the subjects specified for each month. Out of the seven best selected entries, one Monthly Queen and one Weekly Winner will be selected. The remaining five recipes will be published along with the winning recipes. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.**

November, 1980
MEALS IN MINUTES

December, 1980
BISCUITS AND COOKIES

January, 1981
COOKING WITH POTATOES

**All entries for November should reach us latest by October 5, December entries by November 5 and January entries by December 5, 1980.**

## COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

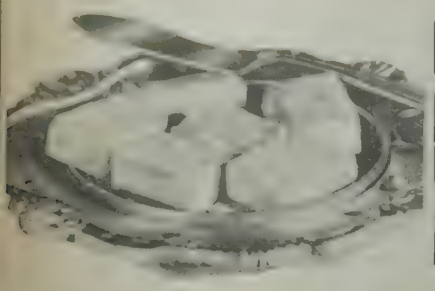
### Revised Contest Rules

**1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.**

**2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.**

**3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.**

**Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.**



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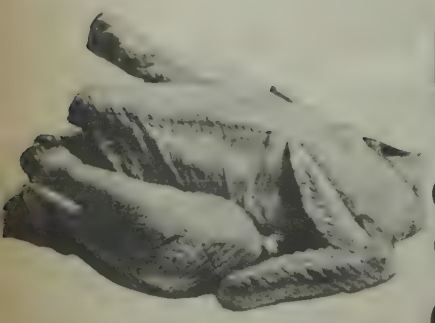

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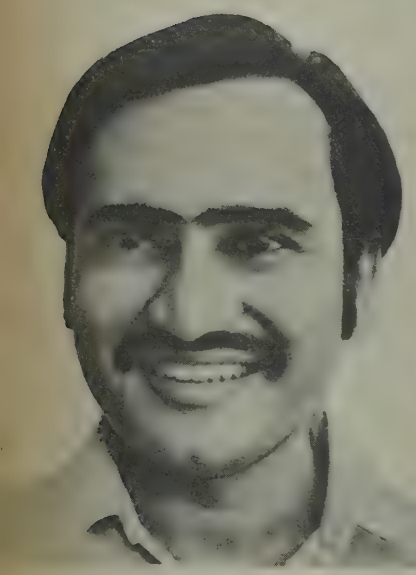

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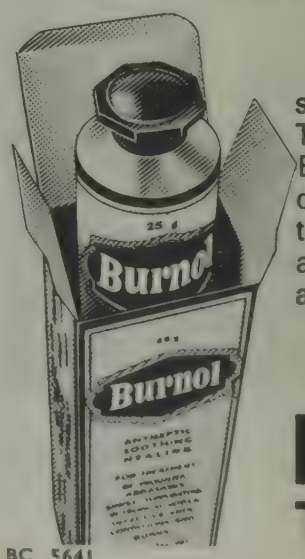


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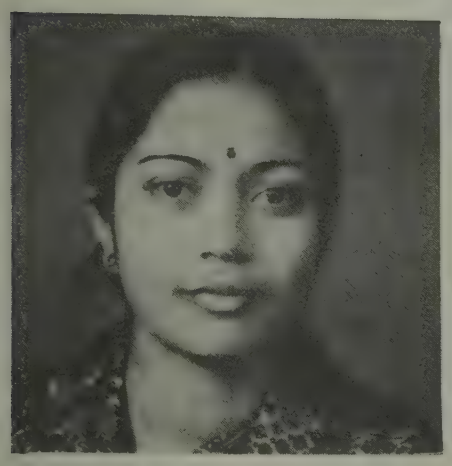

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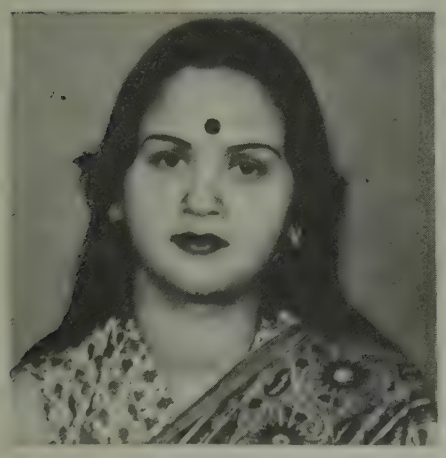
Mix all the ingredients. Pour into ice trays and freeze. After two hours beat with a fork and freeze again for smooth setting.

If red bananas are not available, any other variety may be used.



Mrs. Saroj Singh, 56 APO.

## POTATO STUFFED PANCAKES

FOR THE PANCAKE:

**1½ cups flour**
**1 egg**
**½ cup milk**

FOR THE FILLING:

**10 medium size potatoes**
**3-4 green chillis, chopped**
**A bunch, coriander leaves, chopped**
**1 tsp. garam masala**
**½ cup groundnuts, roasted and and chopped**
**Salt to taste**
**Ghee for frying**
**Breadcrumbs**
**1 egg, lightly beaten**

Lightly beat the flour and egg in a bowl. Add milk slowly to make a batter. More milk may be added if necessary. The batter should be fairly thick. Prepare several pancakes as usual. Boil and mash the potatoes. Add the chopped green chillis, coriander leaves, garam masala, and roughly chopped groundnuts. Take one pancake, spread a little of this potato mixture over it. Take care that the whole pancake is covered. Roll it like a swiss roll and cut into one inch pieces. Use all the potato mixture likewise on the other pan cake. Dip these cut pieces in the lightly beaten egg, coat with breadcrumbs and deep fry. Serve hot with sauce.

Mrs. Kamla Spolia, Chandigarh.

## CABBAGE PARATHAS

**1 tender cabbage**
**1 piece ginger**
**4 green chillis**
**1 bunch coriander leaves**
**A few mint leaves**
**1 tsp. pomegranate seeds**
**1 tsp. chilli powder**
**1 tsp. garam masala**
**1 tsp. pepper**
**Salt to taste**
**Flour as required**
**Ghee**

Discard the top layers of the cabbage. Wash and grate. Drain. Chop the ginger, green chillis, coriander and mint leaves. Add all these along with the pomegranate, chilli powder, garam masala, pepper and salt to the cabbage and mix well.

Put a little salt in the flour and knead to a firm dough. Keep aside for half an hour. Make small balls. Roll out two balls at a time. Spread cabbage mixture on one, cover with the other and roll out a little more. Fry them crisp as required.

## WEEKLY WINNER

**SHALINI VERMA, Pune.**

**Mrs. Verma wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 9-cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products, a utility dish and 2 cup Carafe or cash equivalent from Borosil Glass Works and a cook book from Ahmed Mills, Bombay.**

## SPROUTED WHEAT CUTLETS

**1 cup sprouted wheat**
**3 medium sized potatoes**
**100 grams peas (fresh or frozen)**
**½ tsp. aniseeds**
**½ tsp. coriander powder**
**3-4 cloves garlic, flaked**
**Salt and chillis to taste**
**Oil for frying**

To sprout the wheat — soak the wheat in sufficient water for three days, and then tied in a muslin for the next three days.

Boil, peel and mash the potatoes. Steam the sprouted wheat in pressure cooker for two minutes. Grind it coarsely with garlic, chilli and aniseeds. Add the mashed potatoes, lightly mashed peas, salt, pepper, and coriander powder Divide into ten or twelve portions. Shape like cutlets and deep fry till golden brown. Serve hot with green chutney.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

### Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

**All cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Contest have to send in their recipes, non-vegetarian or vegetarian, according to the subjects specified for each month. Out of the seven best selected entries, one Monthly Queen and one Weekly Winner will be selected. The remaining five recipes will be published along with the winning recipes. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.**

November, 1980
MEALS IN MINUTES

December, 1980
BISCUITS AND COOKIES

January, 1981
COOKING WITH POTATOES

**All entries for November should reach us latest by October 5, December entries by November 5 and January entries by December 5, 1980.**

## COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

### Revised Contest Rules

**1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.**

**2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.**

**3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.**

**Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.**

# SUNIL DUTT:
## NO EGO PROBLEMS

**Adelaide Chand**

**He has spent much of his time grooming his son into an actor and proclaims that he will feel nothing but happiness if Sunjay becomes a bigger star than himself**

Whatever is said or written about Sunil Dutt these days has to do mainly with his under-production blockbuster "Rocky", in which he is planning to launch son Sunjay Dutt in a big way. The film's release, he hopes, will embark the young Dutt on a career of instant stardom.

Meanwhile, increasingly of late, Sunil Dutt's own public persona has receded considerably into the background. Was this a deliberate ploy on his part, a stratagem to fade slowly out of the celebrity field and leave the stage clear for Sunjay to corner all the limelight?

I decided to find out.

Sunil Dutt blew pensive smoke rings at his comfortably furnished Ajanta Arts office. He looked no different from the time I'd first met him more than a year previously — the same trim, well-maintained physique, the same hooded eyes and thinning hair. He said thoughtfully: "To a certain extent it's true that I've been spending so much time on 'Rocky' that little has been heard of my other films. But that doesn't mean I'm out of it all. Far from it. I'm still very much around and in the reckoning as an actor. My other producers and directors have been very understanding. They know how involved I am with the 'Rocky' schedules, so they haven't pressed me to keep to any fixed timetables. But at the same time, I haven't neglected my other commitments. My 'Yaari Dushmani' was completed and released last week."

It's a well-known fact that Sunil Dutt has spared no efforts in the task of grooming his son for stardom. "I have taken enormous pains over him — voice lessons, acting lessons, judo classes and a hundred and one other things, before I felt he was finally ready to face the camera. His personality has changed considerably now — he's much more poised and self confident."

He's also easing off on the massive publicity Sunjay's been receiving. "I don't want him to be overexposed before the film's release," he explained. "Let him be judged on his own merit. I don't want him to be known only as Sunil Dutt's and Nargis' son."

As for himself, said Sunil, he intends to keep right on working. "I feel I have many more years left in me still. And I'm not the kind of person — never have been in fact — who is hampered by unnecessary ego problems. Even if my son becomes a big star — even if he grows bigger than me — there'll be nothing but happiness on my side. Happiness for what he's achieved. We're a very close-knit family, you see," he explained. "There's always been a great deal of affection and unity among us, unlike some other star families I can name."

Sunil says that when the time comes, he won't switch over to character roles. "There's no point, is there? When I retire, I'd like to retire as a hero. The kind of audiences we have here only identify with the hero. Even if the 'character role' is a central one (Ashok Kumar has done so many pivotal character roles) our audiences still regard it as a character role, and not a hero's role!"

Maybe he'd follow his wife's footsteps and enter the field of politics. Nargis' recent statement in Parliament about Satyajit Ray's films caused quite a furore in the industry. While most of them maintained that Nargis shouldn't have hit out at our only internationally recognised director Sunil said, "I think Nargis was perfectly justified in saying what she did. I agree with her totally. People spend so much time condemning films that unnecessarily exploit sex and violence, but I think that films that exploit poverty are equally blameworthy. At least by watching films which fall into the former category the audience is deriving a certain amount of pleasure and satisfaction, but what pleasure or satisfaction can anyone achieve from watching scenes of misery and suffering? I think films like Ray's present an entirely one-sided picture of conditions prevalent in India."

Photograph: Abner Bannister

# BOOK NOOK

What is being written by or about women?
On this page every month we bring you a review of some of the books published recently.

## INDIAN CHILDHOOD, CULTURAL IDEALS AND SOCIAL REALITY by Sudhir Kakar; Oxford University Press; Price Rs. 8.

Sudhir Kakar is perhaps the most eminent psychoanalyst in India. A large part of his work is aimed at interpreting the Indian ethos as portrayed through ancient classical texts along with the tenets of psychoanalytic theory. In "Indian Childhood" he draws on the Ramayana and Mahabharata, on the Laws of Manu, on the practices of Ayurveda and on Bhakti literature to compose a cultural awareness of the child's place in society. He then goes on to clarify adult attitudes to the child of today.

While Western psychoanalysts debate endlessly on whether it is heredity or environment that has a greater influence on shaping the adult, the Hindu concept of rebirth supports heredity. The epics maintain that at the moment of fertilization, the soul, which includes the mind from previous lives, enters the conceptus and its psychic composition from previous incarnations determines the embryo's growth. Heredity is not simply a matter of biology. It includes a "karmic balance" contained in a metaphysical biology. With this underlying principle behind child caring techniques there is little pressure on caretakers to assume exaggerated responsibilities for the child's future. The child will reach his potential. They are only instruments to help it along the way.

Kakar draws on the Bhakti poetry of Surdas and Tulsidas to illustrate that in early years the main emphasis is on an avoidance of frustration and the enhancement of mutual pleasure between mother and child. In an adult world that overvalues abstraction, prudence and reason, Bhakti poetry creates a child-utopia, celebrating such qualities as freedom, spontaneity, intensity, and even mercurial anger and tears. The proper form of interaction between adults and children is conceived of not in terms of disciplinary socialization but as interplay, in which the adult-child unit concerns itself with mutual pleasure and mutual learning.

This is significantly different from Western attitudes which depict an enduring ideological conflict between accepting and rejecting attitudes towards the child. Till as late as 374 A.D. infanticide was not considered a capital offence in the Roman world. Thirteenth century attitudes towards children were dominated by an ideology of discipline that had little empathy for the needs of children. Towards the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the emphasis shifted towards internal suppression in which discipline and training were stressed. It is only in the twentieth century that attitudes towards the child have become humane and nurturant.

Despite its system of positive inputs, Kakar points out that the gravest drawback of Indian tradition lies in its rejection of girls. While the texts do not depict overt violence or hostility towards females, the exaggerated emphasis on the value of males works insidiously to undervalue females. This is revealed in statistics that reveal a higher malnutrition and death rate among female children, in the deprival of educational opportunities for girls, in the voices of countless women who can only express their frustrations in folksongs. As long as such injustice remains, the tradition of Indian childhood can only be considered flawed.

## WOMEN AND WORK by P. Andiappan; Somaiya Publications; Price Rs. 40.

From time to time studies on discrimination against women have been undertaken by the Committee for the Status of Women in India, the Indian Council for Social Science Research, and the S.N.D.T. Women's University. P. Andiappan's thesis differs from these in that in addition to compiling statistics and pointing out discriminatory practices against women in the working environment — job and training opportunities, remuneration, promotion and upward mobility — he draws a comparative analysis between working women in India and in the United States and goes on to suggest legislative measures to bring about a situation of equality between the sexes. A Fullbright scholar, currently a teacher and researcher in Canada, Mr. Andiappan approaches his subject with the detachment of a professional and though his study is intensively researched, it fails to evoke more than passing interest, couched as it is in the dry tones of academia.

Mr. Andiappan tells us that while women's participation in the labour force rose from 18.8 per cent in 1900 to 47.9 per cent in 1977 in the United States, there has been a reverse trend in India where the participation rate has dropped from 31.7 per cent in 1901 to 11.74 per cent in 1971. In both countries women are concentrated in low level clerical jobs with 80 per cent of those employed in government establishments holding Class III posts in India comparable to 70 per cent in the U.S. Only 0.16 per cent of working women in India are to be found in executive or managerial positions, while at another level even fewer qualify for technical positions such as supervisors fitters, welders. Confused educational priorities are evident when it is seen that 86 per cent of women with a high school education and 84 per cent of women graduates do not seek employment, contrasting sharply with the U.S. where only 2 per cent of women graduates remain unemployed.

Despite Constitutional guarantees to the contrary, women are both underemployed and rank among the largest number of unemployed. Mr. Andiappan attributes this to traditional social attitudes that do not favour the emancipation of women which are reinforced by "protective laws" based on the assumption that since there are inherent differences between men and women, women as the weaker sex need special protection. Protective laws prohibit the employment of women during the night, they insist on separate rest rooms for women in establishments employing women, they limit the weight a woman labourer is permitted to carry, they spell out maternity benefits.

Mr. Andiappan points out that such laws are shelved when it is convenient to do so as in the fish canning industry where unless the fish is cured immediately there is danger of the catch being spoilt and so women are allowed to work night shifts. Therefore the claim that these laws are intended to protect women can, at best, be considered specious. In practice, they serve to restrict the type of work for which women are considered eligible and also raise the cost of employing women so that employers are reluctant to hire women except in areas that are traditionally considered women's jobs, which coincidently also happen to be the lowest paid. The pertinent question is whether laws intended to protect women work to their advantage or disadvantage.

The Constitution of India guarantees equality to all citizens regardless of race, caste, religion or sex, but few specific anti-sex-discrimination laws have been enacted. In the United States, however, though there is no Constitutional guarantee of equality, extensive laws have been enacted to protect the rights of women. While instances of women taking employers to court to demand equal pay equality of treatment as regards promotion and job opportunity are common in the U.S., in India till 1977 only five cases against sex discrimination had come up before the High Courts, and two of these were filed by men who complained they were being discriminated against in occupations that are traditionally considered female. Unaware of her rights and unaware of the legal remedies open to her, the working woman in India remains a victim of injustice, vulnerable and exploited.

Mr. Andiappan's study fails to place legislation in a social-historical context which is essential to understand how it evolved and why it has proved more effective in one country than in another. In the U.S., legislation was enacted only as a result of active and vociferous campaigning by feminists who forced a recognition of their rights on the public consciousness. Indian women have been donated equality by the broad minded patriarchs of the Constitution. Their struggle for equality in real terms has only just begun.

**Meher Pestonji**

# REVISITING BAGHPAT

Tension crackled in Baghpat even five weeks after Maya Tyagi was stripped, beaten, paraded naked through the streets, and allegedly raped by policemen. Hundreds of satyagrahis from neighbouring villages sat at four points of the town which also happens to be the Parliamentary constituency of Charan Singh. They demanded suspension of the Baghpat Station House Officer, the SSP and the DM who had justified the police action.

The bazar crawled with policemen; intelligence sources revealed that two companies of the Provincial Armed Constabulary had arrived in this western UP town. Two days previously, the police had resorted to a lathi charge, injuring about 150 people including two advocates. Feelings ran high. "They (police) want to strike terror in the hearts of the people before the judicial enquiry, so that they won't speak up," said a resident. Fortunatelv. the single-member inquiry commission of Mr. P. N. Roy recommended to the State Government, soon after it had framed its rules, that the SHO should be transferred in order to create public confidence.

Meanwhile, the victim of the tragedy, 25-year-old Maya Tyagi, has been in her father's home at Sankalputti, 15 kms from Baghpat. She was stoic as she related the fate that had befallen her on June 18 and changed her life. Her back bore the marks of lashings. With her husband Ishwar Tyagi and two of his friends. whom she had never seen before, she was on her way to her father's house in Sankalputti where her niece was to get married that evening. Having had a puncture en route, their hired Ambassador car had stopped at the Bhaghpat crossing to get the tyer mended. It was about noon. While Maya stayed inside the car, her three companions — her husband Ishwar Tyagi, Surendra Thakur and Rajinder Dutt Gaur — walked over to a nearby shop to drink beer.

As they stood drinking, a man in civilian clothes admonished them for drinking in public. Taking him to be some local tough, the trio pounced upon him and beat him up. (Earlier reports were that plainclothesmen caught hold of Maya's arm all of a sudden.) The man ran towards the police station and the nearby shopkeepers are believed to have told the car party that they had quarrelled with a police officer, and they decided to leave the spot in a hurry. But the car would not start. Meanwhile, Narendra Singh returned with a police party. The three men jumped out of the car and began pushing it. Suddenly there was a sound of firing and two of the men fell dead. The third man ran, but a bullet hit his foot and he turned and raised his hands in surrender. A lawyer who saw the whole drama said that the man had in fact shouted, "My uncle is a Superintendent of Jails. I'm a Youth Congress worker. Please leave me." But the policemen followed him and fired two more bullets at close range. He fell down dead. Then the police turned their attention to the car. Maya had a bundle of hundred rupees notes which she was putting in an attache case at the time. Since she was going to a wedding, she was also wearing heavy jewellery.

The expression on Maya's pock-marked face was distant as she continued, "I was on the back seat of the car. Narendra Singh pulled me out. They tore my saree. I was wearing a yellow saree with embroidery on it. Narendra also tore my blouse and petticoat. By now we were surrounded by a lot of people." After they had stripped her, she said, the policemen kept yelling at her, "You are dacoits." "I kept repeating that I was not a dacoit, but was on my way to a wedding in the family. But instead of listening to me they beat me up and dragged me through the bazar. By then I felt I was going mad; I felt so humiliated."

"I can't even repeat to you what happened that day, I feel so ashamed." Raj Singh Tyagi told me. In his seventies, he is the headman of the village Dhikana, and had come to Baghpat on June 18 for some work in the court. "The girl tried to cover herself with her hands but they rained blows on her hands." His eyes became moist. "I felt so sick that I couldn't eat that evening. We felt like weeping, we could not do anything to help her. She is a daughter of this country and for this to have happened . . ." He left the sentence incomplete and went away.

"I kept pleading with them to give me some clothes," Maya recalled. But they refused. Instead, revealed an old woman eye witness, a policeman had prominently displayed Maya's torn petticoat on a gate. These people's protectors pulled and pushed the girl, dragging her towards the police station. At the crossing she sat down and pleaded, "You can kill me, but don't do this to me." Repeatedly she is believed to have asked for clothes. When a shopkeeper threw a lungi at her to enable her to cover herself, he was beaten up mercilessly.

"The naked girl was bleeding profusely down her legs," said Mrs. Poornima Rastogi who witnessed the whole spectacle, seated with her advocate husband at the court situated directly opposite the police station. "She could barely stand on her feet."

About ten minutes after they had taken her inside, the police brought her out again. She was made to stand under a neem tree outside as if an item to be exhibited. "See, this is a dacoit we've caught," a policeman told the waiting public. "They took me back to the verandah of the thana," said Maya. "There they slapped me and beat me with chappals and sticks." After six years of marriage, Maya was expecting her first child and was in the sixth month of pregnancy.

At this juncture a woman onlooker was heard pleading with the crowd, "For God's sake can't anyone go and help her?" About a dozen advocates and Poornima Rastogi managed to push their way into the police station.

Ms. Rastogi related, "We were not allowed to see the SP. Instead, the SHO, D. P. Gaur, came up to us. 'You can get out of here,' he told us when we pleaded with him not to ill-treat the girl. If she was a criminal as they were alleging, she could be tried in a court of law. But he told us, "Meera bahut hoot hai, aap log hamara kuch nahin bigarh sakte (I'm very powerful, you can't do anything to me)." The advocates were not allowed to see Maya. Her screams continued to pierce the afternoon heat.

"Inside the police station, they threw me into a 'kothri', "Maya recounted. Then she hesitated for a minute before rushing into speech, "Wahan mere saath bura kaam kiya." Maya has alleged in her FIR that she was raped by nine policemen. She does not remember how long she lay in the little room.

Later in the afternoon, when a large crowd had collected outside the police station and people were getting restive, the SHO came out and addressed them. He boasted that he had been involved in "57 encounters" killing 97 people. The men who had been killed that morning were dacoits, he claimed. "We risked our lives to kill them."

It was about this time that the girl was hauled out of the room and given some clothes to wear. "Then I was put in a jeep and taken to a hospital. There I was examined by a tall and thin lady doctor whose name I don't know. She asked me what had happened and put six stitches on me." Later that night Maya was admitted in the Dufferin Hospital, Meerut. "My bed was surrounded by four police officials, two of them women constables. During the night, if I cried to myself, they would threaten me." The next morning she was taken for another check-up. It was only around noon that she was allowed to meet her brother and Jagbir Singh, an advocate from her village, who had accompanied her to the hospital from the police station the previous evening, apprehending danger to her life.

When Maya had emerged out of the police station and sat down in the jeep, many people had expressed the fear to Jagbir Singh that the police would try and finish the girl. Jagbir Singh decided to accompany Maya as her lawyer. "She said to me in the jeep, 'Meri izzat bhi looti gayi hai (I have been raped). They have beaten me and taken away my jewellery. And I heard some of them talking that they will get rid of me."

**THE ATROCITY IS STILL FRESH IN PUBLIC MEMORY THANKS TO THE PUBLICITY GENERATED BY OPPOSITION PARTIES, WHATEVER THEIR MOTIVES. KEEPING IN VIEW THE FACT THAT PUBLICITY GIVEN TO ONE INCIDENT, AS IF IT WERE AN ISOLATED CASE, OBSCURES THE REALITIES OF THE SITUATION AND THE FUNDAMENTAL ISSUES INVOLVED, IT IS ALSO IMPORTANT THAT THIS PARTICULAR ATROCITY IS NOT REDUCED INTO A MERE WHODUNNIT BECAUSE THE QUESTIONS IT RAISES ARE TOO IMPORTANT TO BE IGNORED**

## Neerja Chowdhury

Jagbir Singh has incidentally been a member of the Congress (I) for a number of years and went to jail also in 1978. It was he who moved the bail application for Maya. But she was not released till June 20, having been in police custody for 48 hours. According to normal procedure, she should have been produced before a Magistrate within 24 hours. After her release, she was taken to the home of friends in Meerut: later she came to Delhi to meet Prime Minister Indira Gandhi.

After an uproar in Parliament, a judicial enquiry was ordered into the incident. Home Minister Zail Singh went to Baghpat for an on-the-spot study along with ten women MPs. But according to a number of Baghpat citizens, only the tutored witnesses were allowed by the SHO to meet the Home Minister at the guest house of the local sugar cooperative where he was conducting his enquiry. He did not even visit the site of the incident. In fact, one of the women MPs accompanying Zail Singh overheard local Congress (I) members tell Zail Singh that if action was taken against the police officers, Congress (I) would be finished in the area. It is widely known that the three Congress (I) MLAs who won in the recent Assembly elections from the Baghpat Parliamentary constituency went and garlanded the SHO and thanked him for their victory.

The SHO has, on the other hand, alleged that Maya Tyagi's husband Ishwar Tyagi and his two friends, Surendra Thakur and R. D. Gaur, were dacoits wanted by the police, who shot them in self-defence after they had opened fire. What is strange about the police explanation is that if these men had opened fire, not a single policeman or a member of the public sustained any injury. There is no sign of a bullet lodged in a nearby wall or a tree, even if it did miss people by a fortunate set of circumstances. And many eye witnesses do not corroborate the police version except a handful who are accused of being agents of the police by the town folk.

A. P. Singh, a retired Army man, related, "When I arrived at the scene, sub-inspector Narendra Singh was standing near the corpses. I asked him, 'I hear these were famous dacoits.' He replied, 'They have not yet been identified'. 'In that case how did you know that these were dacoits?' I asked him. 'You are an innocent Army man, so you don't know. We do his work round the clock.' " According to Singh, at that time the police were obviously not aware that the people they had killed were dacoits. He said, "In this case the police were the real dacoits. The girl had a lot of jewellery and cash on her. Seeing it, they must have thought it was a good opportunity to lay their hands on it. Later it became a prestige issue when they felt they were beaten up in the vicinity of their own 'kingdom'."

It has not been established that the three men were dacoits, though according to a number of people in the Meerut district, Ishwar Tyagi's name struck terror in many hearts. SHO D. P. Gaur is emphatic in his claim that the three men were known criminals with murder and dacoity charges against them. He has furnished a list of the cases in which they were involved.

But even if they were wanted men, did the police have the right to kill them? Could they not have been arrested and tried? One them even went to the extent of putting up his hands in surrender.

The police have also alleged that Maya was passing cartridges to the men during the firing. Even if Maya Tyagi was a dacoit herself or an accomplice, does it give the police the right to strip her, parade her naked through the streets of Baghpat and rape her?

The police explanation of the bizarre incident is that when people heard that Maya was a dacoit, they misbehaved with her. Where in India can a situation be evisaged when after three men have been killed — dacoits or not — and their dust-caked and blood-splattered bodies are left lying by the roadside, the public manifests its sympathy towards the police by unclothing and mercilessly beating a pregnant girl who was with them? And in the presence of a few hundred people? Let us for a moment accept the explanation that members of the public stripped her and beat her, why did armed policement not lift a finger to protect her? She was after all in their custody. Directly or indirectly they are responsible for what happened.

It was the irrepressible Raj Narain who first broke the news at a press conference. However, details of the incident were not available even two weeks after it had taken place. The reason was simply that the people of Baghpat were too petrified to speak out. Even the shopowner who had repaired the punctured tyre muttered evasively that he had hidden himself in the shop during the firing and "saw nothing."

"Yes, I saw everything," replied a young woman when questioned. "But I won't tell you because with the police around, what happened to Maya can also happen to me." In fact, some people said that they had been intimidated by the police. Said Jaipal Gupta, a shopkeeper, "All that I had mentioned to a visiting MP was that there was not a parallel to the Baghpat atrocity in the whole world. And I had police agents come to me and threaten me that I would be implicated in case I opened my mouth."

Due to the satyagraha launched by the Lok Dal and other opposition parties, the climate of fear has lessened though by no means been completely removed. Particularly afraid — and indeed incensed — are the women. Commented Poornima Rastogi, "Women no longer go to evening shows in Baghpat." A tour of some of the neighbouring villages revealed that many parents had taken their daughters out of school after the June 18 episode.

"What is more important in life than 'izzat'?" queried an indignant Bhanwarkali from Sankron village in the Baghpat tehsil. She and hundreds like her had gone to Delhi last month to protest against the treatment meted out to Maya Tyagi. In a procession they marched from the Boat Club lawns to the Prime Minister's house to present a memorandum to her. "Indira Gandhi, women are raped in your regime," the placards screamed. "Hang the guilty, change rape laws."

"Why doesn't Indira Gandhi take action against the guilty policemen? Why have they not been arrested and removed from Baghpat." The angry questions were followed by unprintable words.

Mrs. Gandhi told their representatives and a group of opposition MPs who had accompanied them that the issue was being politicised. Far more incidents of this nature had occurred during the Janata regime. Her reply was indicative of the extent to which our society has been desensitised, when even the human dignity of women is weighed in political terms

Mrs. Gandhi has repeatedly accused opposition of politicising the issue. Undoubtedly they are using it to increase their popularity. Today the Lok Dal is in the vanguard of the agitation to secure justice for Maya Tyagi, but ironically when Maya first came to Delhi after the incident, Charan Singh refused her hospitality. Mrs. Krishan Kant finally kept her in her home. Be that as it may, how can Mrs. Gandhi forget Narainpur when her party tried to make political capital out of a similar incident.

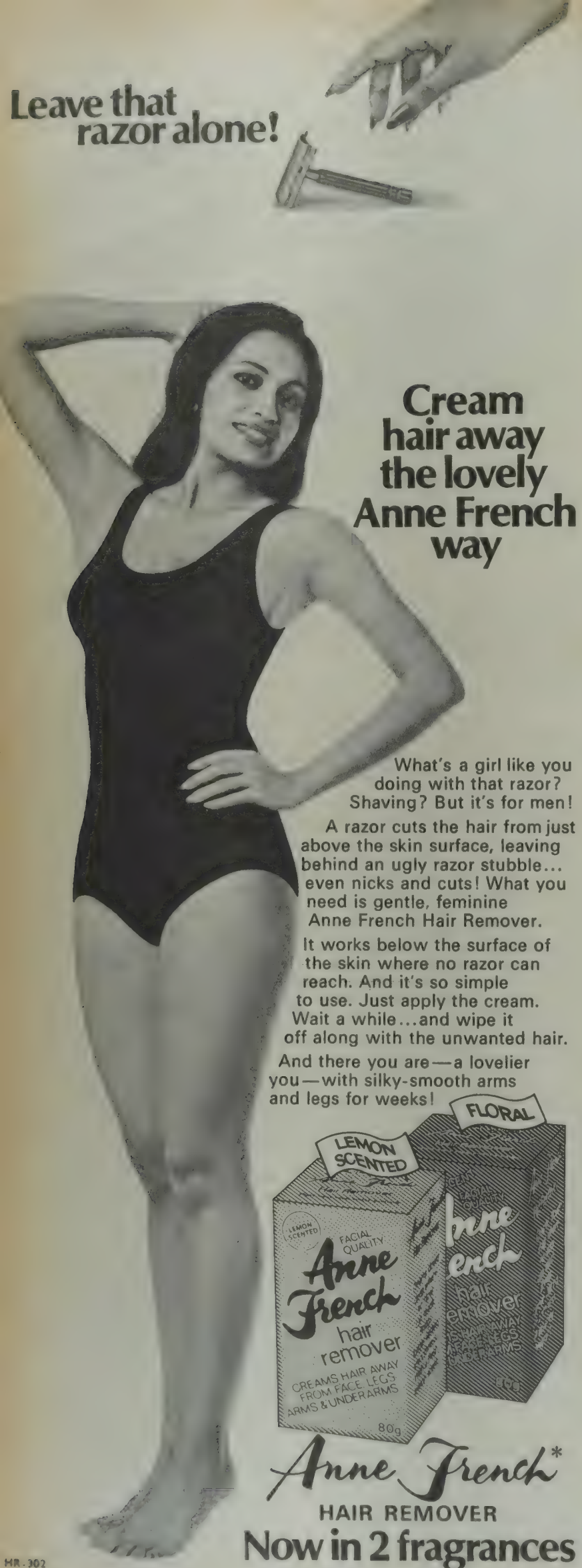
The Lok Dal is trying to create a nation-wide movement on the issue. However as one MP from Orissa pointed out, the general reaction of the people of his State is lukewarm. "It happened in western UP," they say.

"What is however heartening is that in and around Baghpat, contrary to popular expectations, the protest has cut across caste affiliations. Though Maya is a Tyagi (a Brahmin sub-caste), Jats, Rajputs and Harijans were offering satyagrah in Baghpat. Outside the munsif court sat about 30 Dhinwars, a Scheduled caste. "We have come to sit dharna because a girl was insulted," said Sri Ram from Bandpur. "Whoever is responsible for this crime must be punished severely."

About 5 kms. from Baghpat lies Pali a non-Jat village which I chose to visit deliberately since it was made out in certain quar-

**Continued on page 53**

# Leave that razor alone!



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What's a girl like you doing with that razor? Shaving? But it's for men!

A razor cuts the hair from just above the skin surface, leaving behind an ugly razor stubble... even nicks and cuts! What you need is gentle, feminine Anne French Hair Remover.

It works below the surface of the skin where no razor can reach. And it's so simple to use. Just apply the cream. Wait a while...and wipe it off along with the unwanted hair.

And there you are—a lovelier you—with silky-smooth arms and legs for weeks!



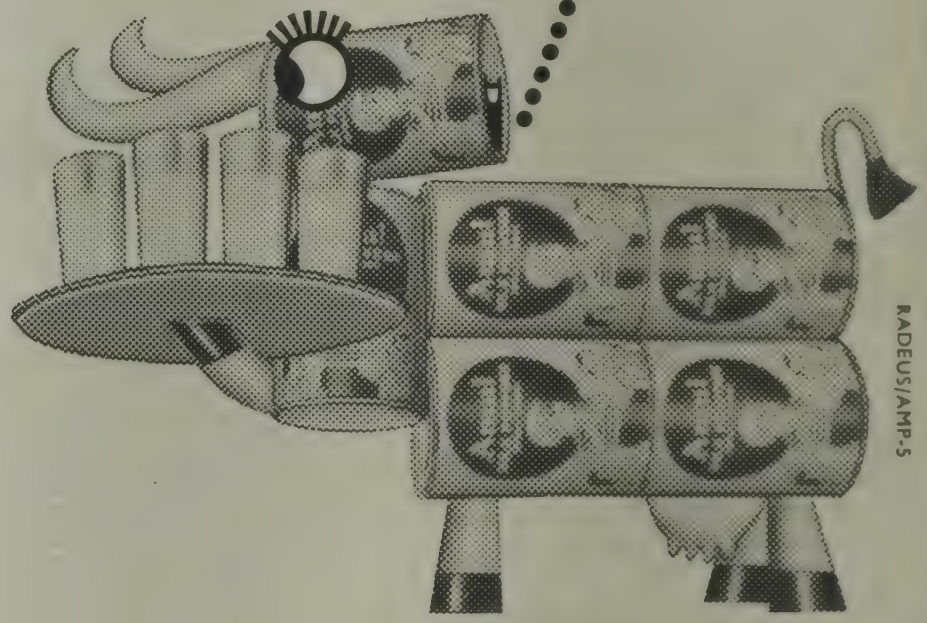

**Anne French*** HAIR REMOVER

**Now in 2 fragrances**

*Licensed User of T.M.

HR-302

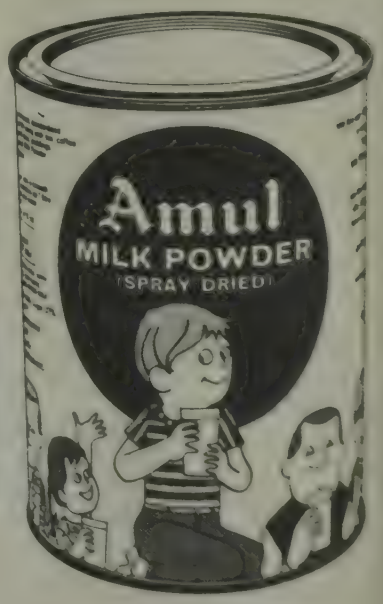
# Here's Amul Milk for your family



RADEUS/AMP-5

Put 2½ heaped tablespoons of Amul Milk Powder into a ¼-litre tumbler. Stir into a smooth paste with a little warm water. Add hot water up to top and stir. Milk is now ready for drinking. Good for use in tea and coffee, and for making curds and desserts. Makes you thankful for its convenience. Guaranteed pure.

**Amul**
**MILK POWDER**
**It's like having a dairy in your home**




Marketed by:
Gujarat Co-operative Milk Marketing Federation Ltd., Anand.

# the real cost of TRAVEL

**Peter Stalker**

The average American devotes 1,600 hours a year to his car — either driving it or working to get the money to pay for it. That takes into account petrol, taxes, insurance and tolls. The total distance he travels is 12,000 kilometres. If you divide the distance he travels by the time it takes him to run his car, as the Austrian writer Ivan Illich points out, it comes to seven kilometres an hour — walking pace.

Everyone is free to spend his money as he chooses, even if the time saved is illusory. The real problem is that the costs are even greater than this calculation shows and it is everyone else who pays for the polluted air, the sprawling highways and the people killed and injured. As this year's report from the United Nations Environment Programme indicates, the environment pays a heavy price for human transportation.

India, in some ways has not yet travelled far along this particular road. There are less than two cars for every thousand Indians compared with 516 cars for every thousand Americans. Most people have no chance whatsoever of owning a car and even those with the money find it an expensive proposition. According to the National Council for Applied Economic Research, both the production and selling prices of cars are up to 70 per cent higher than in other countries — a result both of the higher cost of raw materials and of the penalty for manufacturing at low volumes.

## Environmental Damage Per Vehicle Will Be Greater

Nor are there the roads to carry the cars. For every lakh of India's population there are only 86 kilometres of surfaced roads compared with 294 in Sri Lanka and around 400 kms in semi-industrialised countries like Spain.

So in national terms it would seem that India has no problem. The country is without the benefits of sophisticated transport and so does not suffer from the environmental damage.

But that would be a rather hasty conclusion. Although there may be fewer cars than in other countries, the environmental damage per vehicle is likely to be much greater. For the ownership of cars is concentrated in the major cities where there seems to be neither the will nor the resources to control them.

In the rest of the world it is the total volume of vehicles on land and sea, and in the air that is causing the problem. One lakh cars roll off the world's production lines every day of the year, destined primarily for Europe and North America so that 17 per cent of the world's people own 88 per cent of the automobiles.

And while 50 per cent of India's villages have no roads of any kind, many Western towns seem to be disappearing under tarmac. Roads occupy around 30 per cent of the land in the lower density North American cities and indeed 1.2 per cent of the vast land area of the United States is devoted to transportation of one kind or another.

## Paying The Price Of Disaster

At sea, the developments have been just as dramatic. In 1954 the world fleet consisted of just under 3,500 ships, amounting to a total of 73 million tons. By 1977 the tonnage had reached 340 million, much of it used for carrying oil. And as the tankers have been getting larger so have the environmental perils. Whereas it is the consumer who gets the benefit of safe delivery, everyone else along the way pays the price of disaster. The wreckage of the oil tanker "Amoco Cadiz", for example, resulted in a spill of about 22,20,000 tons of oil with the damage estimated at $ 300 million.

Air transportation too has risen steadily, with air services taking over from railways for distances above about 600 kms. Noise is probably the major environmental impact from aeroplanes, rather than pollution. Some of the gases which high-flying aircraft emit may damage the ozone layer which shields us from the sun's ultraviolet radiation, but this effect does not seem to be significant.

For developing countries the damage from surface transport is a good deal more substantial. First there are accidents. A quarter of a million deaths would send shock waves around the world were they to come from a more formal conflict. But this, according to the World Health Organisation, is the number of people who die each year on the world's roads. Even more disturbing is that the death rate per "vehicle kilometre" in many developing countries is about six times that in the richer nations — not just because the vehicles are inherently less safe but also because the controls on drivers are much less severe.

Then there is the question of air pollution. An efficient engine burns most of the petrol hydrocarbons to carbon dioxide; a gas relatively harmless to health. But when the fuel is burned imperfectly, much more of it comes out as carbon monoxide which is an altogether different matter. At high levels this is poisonous and even at lower levels it can slow down the body's reactions. Many of India's vehicles have reached a distinguished age and have been inadequately maintained, so if you are near a line of traffic you are likely to inhale fumes which are poisonous or which could produce all kinds of damage from bronchitis to asthma.

## Pedestrians Will Suffer The Most

But poor maintenance is not the only problem. There is also the standard at which that maintenance is aiming. As the richer countries have become more and more concerned about pollution they have lowered the amount of material that is allowed to come from car exhausts In the USA hydrocarbon emission standards have dropped from 3.7 grams per kilometre in 1968 to 0.25 for the 1980 models. But there is a drawback. These cleaner cars are more expensive. Fresh air used to be free but now that it has to be paid for, developing countries are likely to lag further behind.

And the people who will suffer most are the pedestrians. Whether they are breathing the noxious fumes or risking life and limb crossing the street, they are now at the mercy of the motorist. For the acquisition of a vehicle is the acquisition of power, a means of overcoming both distance and people.

If nothing else, it allows you to make fierce noises — revving up the engine, grinding the gears or honking the horn. Indian drivers in particular delight in using the horn. An empty street is worth a couple of honks just for the joy of it and anyone actually moving must be prepared to be deafened. The warning function is of course completely devalued by indiscriminate use.

If transport systems concentrate power, then the best way to re-distribute that power would be to make them public — a solution not only more equitable but also a good deal more efficient in fuel consumption. And since India's fuel import bill for transport is now around Rs. 1,500 crores each year some economy would be useful.

## Standard Of Public Transport Has Deteriorated

Buses are of course more economical than cars. They have a lower weight and wind resistance per passenger seat and they do not need to be designed to give the rapid acceleration needed to satisfy the car driver's ego. Urban buses manage 150 passenger miles per gallon when fully loaded. Trains are even more efficient. A train can reach close to 400 passenger miles per gallon outside the city. And both buses and trains pollute much less than the cars needed to move the same number of passengers.

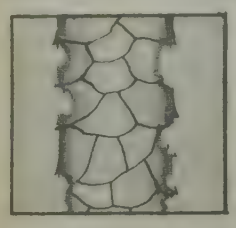
But standards of public transport have been deteriorating almost everywhere in the world with a disturbing shift from railways to roads. In India, in 1961 the roads took 42 per cent of passenger traffic. By 1976 the share had risen to 61 per cent.

From the environmental point of view, few governments have come to grips with their transport systems. The central problem is one of balancing short term, and often private, gains against the long term, and usually public, damage — a familiar conflict of interests. And while the individual citizen hardly dares calculate the real cost of his motoring, governments seem even less willing or able to look at the price we are all paying.

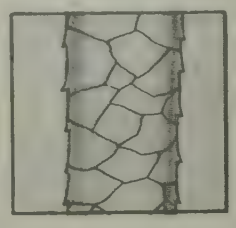
# Lakmė presents India's first shampoo with protein conditioner...

## Restores and maintains hair health and lustre.

Now for the first time, a two-in-one shampoo. Lakmé Shampoo is scientifically blended with a special protein conditioner. Most shampoos wash away natural oils and moisture. They attack the hair shaft creating tiny pits and holes to leave hair dull and limp.



Hair surface damaged with pits and holes.



Hair shaft repaired by Lakmé conditioning action.

Lakmé Shampoo acts in two beautiful ways. The conditioner fills in the holes with rejuvenating protein. It also deposits a protective protein coating on each hair shaft to add bulk and gloss.

Lakmé Shampoo gently lubricates each hair strand with non-greasy emollients which wash off easily and leave hair flexible, easy to manage and tangle-free. Less hair loss in combing. And the perfume. Exquisite. Lasts and lasts.

Available only in Bombay & Pune

**Lakmé Beauty & Egg Shampoos**

In exclusively designed bottles of 60 ml. & 120 ml.

## Ideal pH balance formula cleans beautifully while it repairs damaged hair.

pH is the natural chemical balance between alkalis and acids. Most ordinary shampoos are too alkaline. They swell the hair's outer layer (cuticle) making it brittle and dull.

Lakmé Shampoo has a scientifically perfected pH balance. Not too alkaline. Not too acid. Just right. It shrinks the swollen cuticle and repairs the hair shaft making it stronger and healthier. Change to Lakmé Shampoo now for radiantly healthy hair. Don't suffer hair damage another day.

# Lakmé

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BEAUTY

# FACE-LIFT SANS SURGERY

**TAKE YEARS OFF YOUR FACE WITH THESE EXERCISES**

**Tara Rathaur**

Look a wee bit withered from the neck up? This happens to even the prettiest face. A plastic surgeon is out of question so try these exercises to take years off your face.

These face-lift exercises will take just 15 minutes daily. If possible repeat twice a day. The result can be seen after about three months.

You will need a cleansing cream, an all-purpose cream, an astringent, a moiturizer, cottonwool and a white towel.

First wash your face and remove all the make-up and dirt with cleansing cream. Then dab a little all-purpose cream mixed with half a teaspoon of water. Start massaging the face. Take a clean white towel, wet it and wipe the face. Do this twice.

Apply more cream mixed with water. Start massaging again (upward movements only). The face should be well covered with cream.

Here are the exercises:

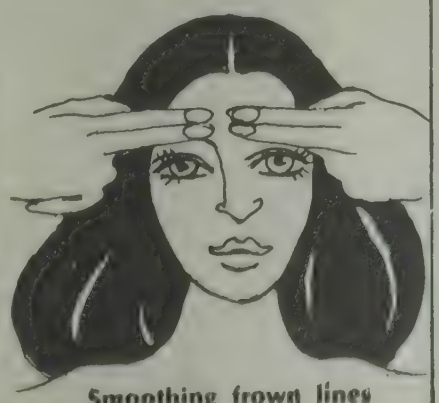
1. Developing the temporal muscles is the most important exercise. This muscle is located on the upper part of the side of your face and holds the side of your face smoothly and firmly. Place your hands on temples. Clench your teeth tightly, flex your jaws and move your hands in circular motion.

**Developing temporal muscles**

2. To smooth out the lines across your forehead, place your hands in a 'praying' fashion so that you can see your thumbs. Use the fleshy pads on the side of your hands to massage the muscles in the centre of the forehead by going back and forth against your forehead.

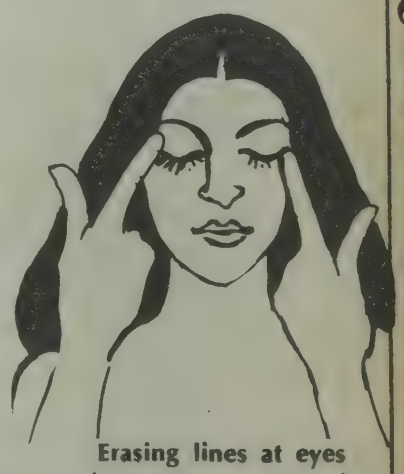
**Smoothing lines on forehead**

3. Smooth the frown lines between the eyebrows. Place the tips of the second and third fingers on the lines and press down, massaging up and down and back and forth.



**Smoothing frown lines**

4. To erase lines at the corners of your eyes, apply cream on your face. First place your index finger at the corners of your eyes and close your eyelids tightly, resisting the pull, and drawing back with your fingers to your ears.



**Erasing lines at eyes**

5. To erase lines at the sides of the mouth: First apply cream. Open your mouth, pull your lips over your teeth and hold for a count of 15, pulling the muscles taut without closing your jaws. Success depends on how vigorously you stretch and firm the muscles around your mouth.

**Erasing lines around mouth**

6. To tighten a double chin: Apply cream. Then place your finger-tips at the base of the neck and move upwards in a circular motion to your ears.

**Tightening double chin**

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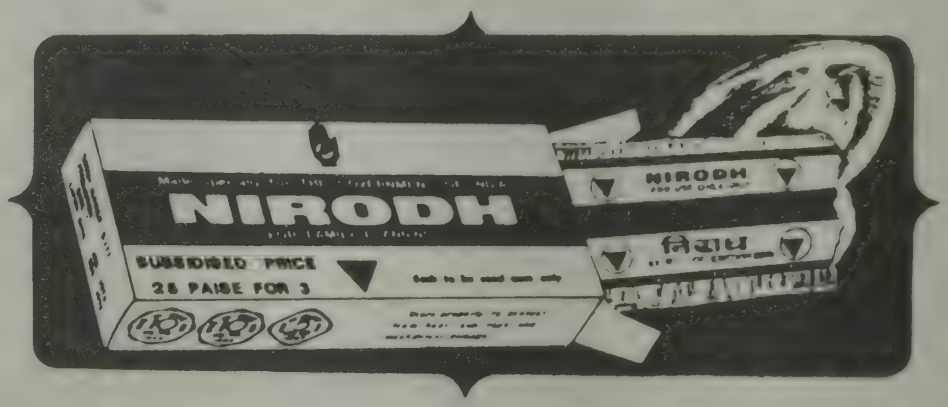


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by Don Tobin

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SALLY'S GOW
STANDING ON THAT CORNER... HE'S PROBABLY FUMING LIKE VESUVIUS! THREATENING TO TEAR ME LIMB FROM LIMB!
DRY CLEANING
ONE-DAY SERVICE
HE'LL BE RANTING AND RAVING AND PEOPLE WILL THINK HE'S A MADMAN!
I'LL BE SO MORTIFIED I'LL WISH I WERE DEAD -
5-18
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A PERSON ONLY LIVES ONCE!
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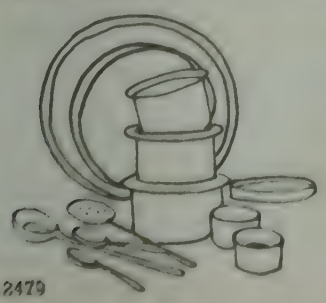

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# WOMEN IN FOCUS

## RATNAKALA MENON

## "MORE WOMEN IN PUBLIC LIFE"

Mrs. Ratnakala Menon is the first woman from Kerala to be appointed a member of the executive committee of the Central Social Welfare Board. She also has the distinction of being the first Keralite to receive a gold medal for her meritorious services for 20 years in the Red Cross.

This popular social worker of Ernakulam displayed her extraordinary talents even as a student in the Government Girls' High School, Ernakulam. She was an active member of the Students National Organisation of the Congress Party from 1939-44 and also one of the most active student leaders of the Quit India movement in 1942.

Soon after her graduation she taught at Prajapathu Vidyalaya, Sri Lanka for nine years, first as a senior assistant and later as the acting principal. On her return to India, she immersed herself in various social service and welfare activities. She has been the president of the Ernakulam Women's Association and Club since 1971. She has also been a member of the executive committee of the Tata Trust Medical Hospital at Chottanikkara, and a municipal councillor from '61-'67.

Mrs. Menon has by virtue of her services to the community in general, been nominated a member of various social service organisations such as the Advisory Committee for the Suppression of Immoral Traffic in women and girls.

As the president of the Ernakulam Women's Association and Club, Mrs. Menon organised many projects including the World Aid for Food programmes and the family consultation centre, the first of its kind in Kerala to be taken up by a voluntary women's organisation.

When Chellanam, a fishing village near Ernakulam was affected by sea erosion in 1977, Mrs. Menon took active part in the relief and rehabilitation undertaken by the Red Cross, and in recognition of her services was awarded the Indian Red Cross Medal.

"Due recognition is not given to women for their achievements and services to society. Women should be assertive and conscious of their rights and responsibilities. More women should enter active political and public life," she says.

"Education of women is the most significant requisite apart from the socio-economic independence. When women are financially self-sufficient they acquire self-confidence and then they can assert themselves in this male dominated society," says Mrs. Menon.

As a nominated member of the state level committee for the celebration of the International Women's Year in 1975 and the International Women's Decade, Mrs. Ratnakala Menon submitted a report entitled, "The International Women's Year — A hope and a promise" recommending ways and means to improve the condition of women in general and in welfare institutions in particular. She has shown on more than one occasion how a social worker can contribute her mite towards society at times of need and crises. Thus she volunteered to run the very first fair price rice distribution centre in Kerala in 1978 when there was acute scarcity of rice with its price skyrocketing.

How far do the government and private agencies help her in her social service activities?

"Raising money is not a problem if the cause is a noble one. When the public feel that the project is for their welfare, they do not hesitate to show their appreciation," she says.

**Malavika**

# AN ALL-WOMAN PROJECT

Everywhere housewives are harassed by rising prices, and how some housewives of Hyderabad tackled this problem, and also the adulteration of essential items of mass consumption, makes interesting reading.

In 1975, some housewives who were also members of such voluntary organisations as the Indian Council of Social Welfare, A.P. Branch, Bison's Welfare Association, Consumers' Guidance Society, Zoroastrian Stree Mandal, etc. decided to form their own cooperative super market. Naturally, their object was to supply clean and pure foodstuffs and condiments at reasonable prices. Between them they managed to collect Rs. 10,000 as their share capital and, putting on a bold front, they approached the Chief Minister for Government advice, help and direction. They were pleasantly surprised when the Chief Minister was most enthusiastic about the idea and straightaway sanctioned Rs. 25,000 as the Government's share in the co-operative. He also suggested that they approach the Andhra Bank for a loan of ten times the total share capital.

They also approached two other institutions which help the new entrepreneur — the Cooperative Department for registration and the Andhra Bank for the loan. They were amazed to find how helpful they were.

The next problem was to find a centrally located building. The Indian Red Cross building near the Secunderabad Railway Station had just built a few showrooms and a large first-floor space of 4500 sq-ft. was vacant. As the rent at the market rate was a bit too high, they approached the Governor of Andhra Pradesh, who is also the President of the Indian Red Cross Society and he generously arranged to reduce the rent.

Now, all that they needed was hard work, and that the ladies most enthusiastically supplied. A deadline of 20 days was set to organise the supermarket. They wanted it to be ready in time for inauguration by Begum Abida Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed, the wife of the then President of India, and she formally inaugurated the TRUPTI SUPERMARKET on September 11, 1975.

**A guest being shown round the Trupti Supermarket by Mrs. Lalitha Gir, Mgr. Dir.**

From the day of the inaugural, the sales exceeded the wildest expectations of the organisers. Certain items, which they thought would collect dust and tie up capital, sold like hot cakes.

As the sole object was to keep down the prices of essentials and at the same time be a viable self-supporting business, the women had to take great care in the inventories, so that interest bearing funds were not tied down excessively on one hand and on the other hand the danger of short supply, which causes consumer irritability and is bad for business, was avoided.

The housewives just flocked into the Market and purchased clean and pure items at a price they had hardly dared to expect. The expression of satisfaction on the faces of the customers made the organisers really happy and aptly suited the name "Trupti Super Market", for "trupti" means satisfaction.

**Bilkiz Alladin**

**For all the equality guaranteed in the Constitution, traditional thinking dies hard — women are still seen as so much movable property, transferable from father to husband**

# SOMEONE'S DAUGHTER, SOMEONE'S WIFE

**Surekha Panandiker**

It was one of those hot June evenings. So most of the residents of our locality were relaxing in their courtyards. Suddenly there was a commotion. A woman was screaming somewhere nearby. Everybody rushed out into the street. Outside one of the houses in our lane a young woman with a child in her arms was being beaten by her husband. She had a child in her arms. The husband's elderly mother was egging him on and also shouting filthy abuse at her daughter-in-law. In no time a crowd collected at the gate. Hot words were exchanged, but when mother and son realised the ugly mood of the crowd and heard the threats by some of the women to bring the police, the beating ceased, but the young woman, Sulabha, was dragged inside.

I was really stunned by the incident because the locality where I live is considered one of the posh localities of the capital. Most of the residents belong to what is generally called the intelligentia or elite. That in such a civilised locality such an incident of wife beating could occur was a shocking revelation.

The next day, after the men folk were packed off to their offices, the topic on the agenda at the various ladies' get-togethers was naturally the previous evening's incident. But I heard some of the women actually hostile to Sulabha. They were blaming her for wanting to quit her husband's house. When I probed into the cause I was surprised to know the reason. Sulabha, I learnt, had been undergoing harassment at the hands of her husband and mother-in-law for the last two years. Unable to bear it any more, she had decided to go to her parents' house. But her husband Mohinder and her mother-in-law would not allow her to take along her baby, a male child. Because she insisted on taking him with her, she had been beaten so brutally.

The reason for the wife beating was not therefore the usual demand for more dowry. Sulabha is the eldest daughter of her parents and is employed in a Central Government office since the last five-six years. As her father keeps indifferent health he cannot earn much. She being the eldest, wishes to help her father to educate her younger brother and sister. So, for a few years, she wants to give a part of her salary to her parents. She had told Mohinder about this before their marriage and he had agreed to the arrangement.

Things worked smoothly in the beginning, but after about two years her mother-in-law insisted that she hand over the entire pay packet and they would give her some money for her personal expenses. Sulabha was shocked at this sudden demand and appealed to Mohinder, but to her dismay he pleaded helplessness against the wishes of his mother. Sulabha, educated and strong willed, refused to surrender all her money, though she willingly contributes to the household expenses to the extent of 50 per cent of her earnings. So, for the last two years they had been harassing her in every possible way, insisting that once married, whatever she earns or has belongs to her husband and his family.

Surprisingly, many even among the women, consider anything wrong in this argument. This means that in Indian society today a woman cannot claim anything as her own and has no right even to her earnings, let alone her body and her mind, and her name too is changed after marriage. All this in spite of the fact that on paper she is given equal rights with men.

Before marriage she has to go by the wishes of her father. Only if he wishes does she get an education. With the exception of a few enlightened families, girls are educated today not because their parents sincerely believe that girls too should be given the opportunity to develop their personalities but because they feel that a degree is necessary to get decent husbands for their daughters. Therefore, the girl's aptitude is not considered, nor is she consulted about her choice of subject.

A woman can take up a job only if her parents permit it, and only those jobs which parents (mostly it is the father who decides) think are safe, respectable. This has confined the majority of Indian working women to teaching and typing even when so many brilliant careers are open to them.

The moment she is married, her lord and master, the husband, takes over the reins and she has to adjust to his wishes. She can continue to work only if he approves. She dare not spend the money she earns by her effort without the consent of her husband and his people. Marriage also involves the end of many careers. She cannot continue to work as air-hostess after she gets married. Why should others decide that it will be too strenuous for a married woman to manage her house and her job? Let each woman decide for herself whether she can cope with both. Isn't this a denial of the fundamental rights guaranteed by our Constitution?

A woman is denied freedom even in the field of motherhood, of child bearing, which has such a tremendous physical and emotional impact on her whole being. She has no right to practise birth control or terminate her pregnancy if she wishes to do so. The signature denoting the consent of her husband is a must for abortion, while a man can undergo vasectomy without even consulting his wife. Why should a woman be made to bear the stresses and strains of motherhood against her will just to please her husband or in-laws, or till she gets a male child? In the face of such inequality and denial of freedom to women how can the authorities expect family planning to succeed?

Even in a small thing like pursuing a hobby — music, painting or dance — she is not free. She can go to music concerts or visit art exhibitions or enjoy dance recitals only if her husband is interested in them. Otherwise she has to remain content with listening to radio programmes or reading reviews in newspapers and magazines. If she is bold and independent enough to go alone she becomes the object of the leering glances of male predators and of snide comments in her social circle. And the present law and order situation deter even the boldest female from going alone anywhere.

With the arrival of children on the scene whatever little freedom a woman has enjoyed is sacrificed at the altar of motherhood. Because looking after children is considered the responsibility of mothers alone. Yet she has not the automatic right to take her child with her if she decides to separate. The father's duty ends with giving his name to the child, and if the child does well in life, the father takes the credit. It is the mother who has to take leave, if she is working, when the child is sick or is to be admitted to school, no matter if it affects her career prospects. This is because a woman's career is not considered important so long as she earns a salary.

A woman is not even considered as an individual with feelings, a will and a personality of her own. She is an appendage, first of her father, then of her husband, and finally of her son.

The tragedy is that women themselves accept this attitude and the treatment meted out to them. The law has given them equal rights, but social attitudes have made this ineffective. If women decide, unite and fight, they can change these social values which degrade them. But first they have to realise the injustice they have been subjected to.

It is high time girls are brought up as independent individuals and given equal opportunities to develop their personalities. The practice of instilling in them the old, degrading values like girls must learn to be submissive and obedient, indirectly implying that they are inferior beings, must be stopped It is the duty of the mothers to see that their daughters are reared in the new social values which considers males and females as equals. Unfortunately, even today educated women are not reacting to the wrongs done to them, and instead of supporting the Sulabhas in their neighbourhood who have the courage to fight against injustice, they contribute to their own degradation by condemning such women. In other words, they are proving that more than the men, women are their own enemies.

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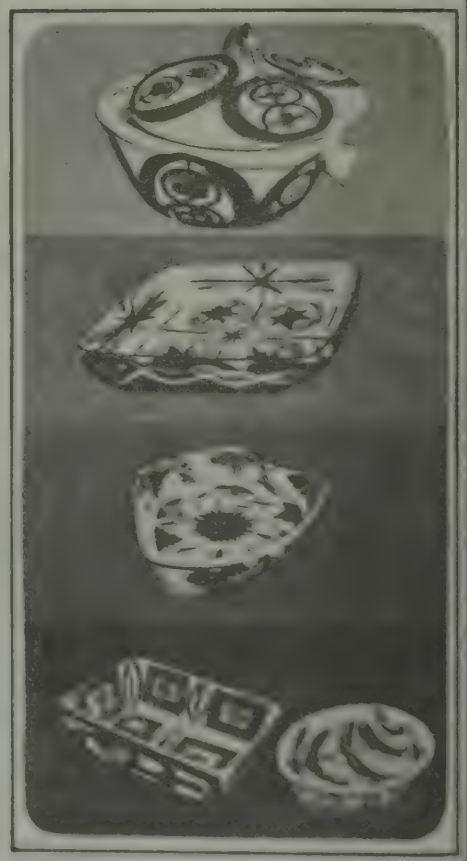

Rajaniklal

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# PEOPLE KNOWN AND

What is wrong with **Nargis Dutt?** She was known as the nicest and most gracious lady in filmdom. But ever since she got nominated to the Rajya Sabha, she can't keep her mouth shut. First, she criticised the makers of New Wave movies and went so far as to say that Satyajit Ray

portrayed only poverty. Indignant young film-makers asked her what her famous movie, "Mother India", had been all about, anyway. Then she took objection to the fact that the bigamous relation of Hema and Dharam was mentioned in the Rajya Sabha with a touchy, "Why should they condemn only film stars when others are doing it, too?" forgetting conveniently that those in the public eye have to accept the brickbats with the bouquets.

**P.S.:** As we go to press, comes the disturbing news that Nargis has undergone major surgery in a New York hospital for obstruction in the bile duct region.

* * *

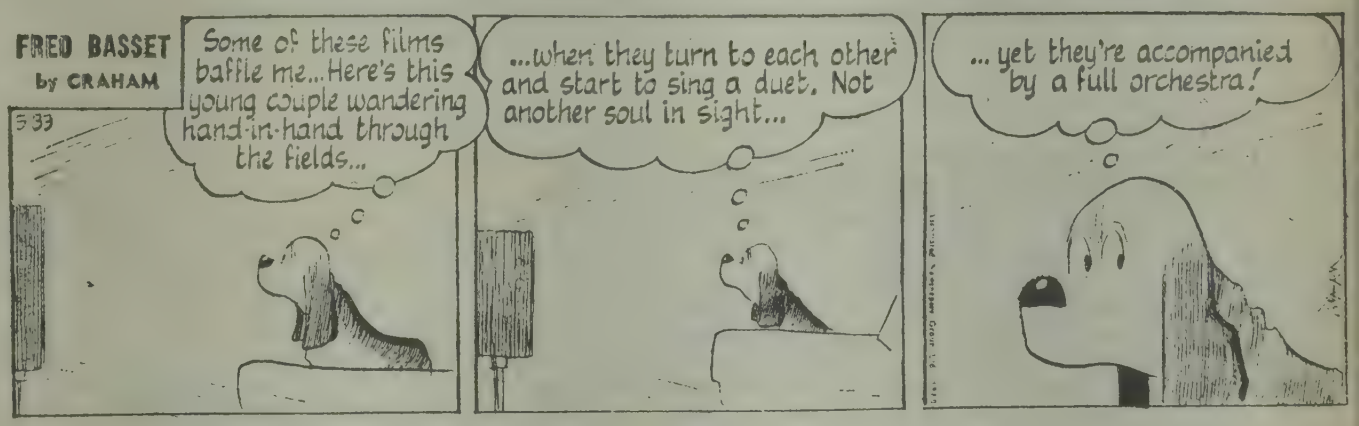
"Is she a politician or a doctor?" sneered Mr. Atal Behari Vajpai, leader of the B.J.P. when Mrs. Gandhi urged people to consume less sugar. "We do not suffer from diabetes," he sniffed. The sugar shortage in India is one of the greatest mysteries in the country, next only to the coal shortage. While the price of sugar is spiralling, the blame is put on the sugar manufacturers, the ruling party, the Opposition, but nobody has come forward with a practical suggestion to solve the problem. In this context, **Mrs. Shalinitai Patil,** Maharashtra's Minister for Revenue (who has already become a controversial figure by calling the Antulay government ineffective) drew fire when she distributed 500 kilos of pedas to her ministerial colleagues and staff on her birthday recently. This gesture naturally brought nasty comments from irate readers in the daily newspapers, and one reader complained that it galled him that while he couldn't get sugar for his morning tea, Shalinitai could afford to buy 500 kilos of pedas on her birthday. All in all, the gesture kept only the halwais of the city happy.

* * *

According to the news report in an English daily, **Richard Nixon** is on to meditation and all that jazz, at least from a business angle. He has just had the bathroom and kitchen of his New York office done up by a company named Karma Construction, manned by ex-hippies and spiritual seekers. Colour, said the Karma people, was the cure for a man with so many afflictions. So they painted the kitchen yellow to change pride into equality and the bathroom, blue, for contemplation and peace. The ex-hippies also slipped some Buddhist prayers behind the tiles and painted Tibetan mantras under the basecoat, because they felt the ousted President was in need of inner peace. And Nixon is apparently delighted with the job they've done.

* * *

When Hollywood actress **Grace Kelly** married Prince Rainier of Monaco, she suddenly realized that having acquired royal status, she must act the regal bit with dedication. It was partly her obsession with her sense of status, insiders say, that made her daughter **Princess Caroline** rebel against conventional norms and marry **Philippe Junot,** a French playboy 17 years her senior. But the cracks have appeared within a year. Junot is now reportedly involved with a rich, spoilt, sultry heiress from South America, who is officially designated as his secretary and has been travelling with him everywhere. The 23-year-old Princess Caroline has sued for an official separation from Junot, who is currently in Turkey with his "secretary," and said that the announcement of the separation had taken him by surprise.


FRED BASSET
by GRAHAM
Some of these films baffle me... Here's this young couple wandering hand-in-hand through the fields...
...when they turn to each other and start to sing a duet. Not another soul in sight...
... yet they're accompanied by a full orchestra!

A cartoon in a prominent English paper on the influence of Hindi films.

# UNKNOWN



**Prince Mohammed Al-Faisal, a son of the late King Faisal of Saudi Arabia, plans to tow a 100-million-ton iceberg from the Antarctic to the Middle East to solve the water crisis there. Prince Mohammed says that feasibility studies have proved this could be done and his company, Iceberg Transport International (ITI) will be regularly supplying cheap water from icebergs to the parched desert kingdoms by 1985. But the rest of the world is still viewing the project with scepticism. A French engineering firm actually went bankrupt a few months after agreeing to undertake the project in 1977. But the confident Prince insists that his iceberg-water will cost one-tenth of desalinated water.**

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# HI YA HONEY!

**By an Alves called Johnnie**

## COLOUR TV: a new one upmanship

When we were in school, a popular subject for the inter-class debate used to be "Science and Invention have made man very happy." The proposition always won, because as kids we were thrilled with the invention of ice-cream in cones and fruit chocolates and the ball-point pen, but modern inventions, I think, are going a bit too far. No wonder then, that the general feeling is, plant more trees and back to nature. Ever since the bath-tub was invented man has stopped being upright and clean. What is worse, modern advertising makes us believe what is not.

My son wants an electronic calculator, because his friend in school has one, and the teacher encourages students to have one. He cannot add more than the sum of two digits but he wants to talk about it, just like his mother does about her kettle that whistles when the water is boiling. It has never struck her show-off mind that the blasted whistling kettle cannot be opened for cleaning and that in time to come it will whistle the death knell of one of us. I have a simple two-track tape-recorder that plays beautifully and I am very happy with it. But science and the craft manufacturers have invented an eight-track stereophonic tape-recorder that my wife has her eye on. It is very difficult to explain to her that we would never use more than four tracks and that, with all my neighbours having radios on full blast all the time, we have the free luxury of an ultra-supersonic multisound system. Besides, the law of averages works beautifully with these gadgets, and one or more of the tracks either refuses to play or wipes off.

How long are we going to allow manufacturers to fool us and fill their pockets on the human frailty of the desire to show off? We were always told that the giant-size carton was always the biggest, but nowadays when buying toothpaste one can go bigger than the biggest and buy a family-size carton. Mark my words, luv, the time is not far off, when we will have a co operative-society-size carton placed in a centrally located spot with a quarter inch connection to each flat and a paste plumber on duty on the site.

Everybody is getting smart these days. You don't buy vegetables at Rs. 4 a kilo now. The clever vegetable vendor sells it to you at 50 paise per 100 grams. Sounds cheap, doesn't it? And it makes the vendor and you happy. Wherever you go, you are cheated by the glib tongue of the manufacturer, aided and abetted by that smart alec — the copy-writer. You pay more for a drip-dry shirt that needs no ironing, just pressing, and discover later that it takes the same time to press. If you ask me it's just another of those cash-stealing gimmicks.

We are being fooled all the way down. Now what the hell is a tubeless tyre if not a combination of a tube and tyre? We are made to believe that we are paying more for a better tyre, but discover later that if a change is called for, both go out. I drive into a petrol pump and put 93 octane gas to impress the attendant on the compression of my car engine. Then, three furlongs away, my car stops and I keep wondering if it is the 93 octane gas, or the special fuel saver gadget I installed at the cost of Rs. 45, or the ultra special petrol sieve I purchased for Rs. 25. Then I pay the mechanic Rs. 15, and he tells me it is neither, but the long-lasting, ever-durable polythene tube that had burst.

I am prepared to admit that sometimes a lady looks better with a suitable lipstick on, but when my daughter buys an expensive lipstick that is skin-coloured and helps her lips look as if she has nothing on, I wonder if I am born in the wrong century.

I can understand a bald-headed man sporting a wig, but when my wife uses an expensive shampoo on her hair, parts it with real ivory combs and puts on false hair in a hair-raising style, all I can do is go into a forehead beating act. Are manufacturers out to ruin us?

Until next time then.

## REVISITING BAGHPAT

**Continued from page 41**

ters that only Jats were coming out to protest because it happens to be Charan Singh's constituency. Pali is largely inhabited by Rajputs and Harijans. "Chahe koi bhi jaat ki ho, izzat sab ki hoti hai," said Dapo, a Rajput. She said that 36 women from the village had given their names to go for satyagraha to Delhi on August 9. Remarked Bimladevi, "If policemen do this to a girl in a market place in the middle of the day, what protection is there for our daughters?"

Moorti, a Valmiki, who makes her living by removing cowdung from people's houses, was even more vociferous. "If the girl of a well-to-do and upper caste family can be treated like this, what is going to happen to our daughters? Hum to tumhare jooth ke tukrhe khate hein (we live on your discarded morsels."

A new dimension has been added to the problem of sexual violence in the country with instances of the police becoming a party to the crime of raping women coming to light every other day. In days of old when a zamindar fancied a girl, he just took her and no one could lift a finger to help her. With the feudal system and attitudes unchanged, the zamindars have now been joined by BDOs or SHOs.

In Bhaghpat, what was as bizarre as the incident itself was the way the policemen obviously felt that they would get away unscathed. Otherwise they would never have dared to humiliate the girl in front of hundreds of people. Herein lies a pointer to why rape by the custodians of law and order has increased. The problem has acquired alarming proportions because they are assured political protection.

Meanwhile, Sub-Inspector Narendra Singh has been murdered, shot dead while travelling on a scooter, and the criminal is still at large.

### ANSWERS TO QUIZ NO. 14

1. **Arthur Ashe (the 1975 Champion).**
2. **The quantum theory.**
3. **Francis Scott Fitzgerald.**
4. **Pandit Ravi Shankar (on April 7).**
5. **Sir Richard Attenborough.**
6. **Munich.**
7. **George Bernard Shaw and Henrik-Ibsen respectively.**
8. **(Contract) Bridge.**
9. **Mr. Robert McNamara.**
10. **Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Raphael.**
11. **Mr. Donald McHenry.**
12. **India joined the satellite club by putting its own satellite Rohini (RS-1) in space from Sriharikota.**

**The prize money of Rs. 200 will be divided between 26 readers who sent in all-correct solutions before the deadline.**

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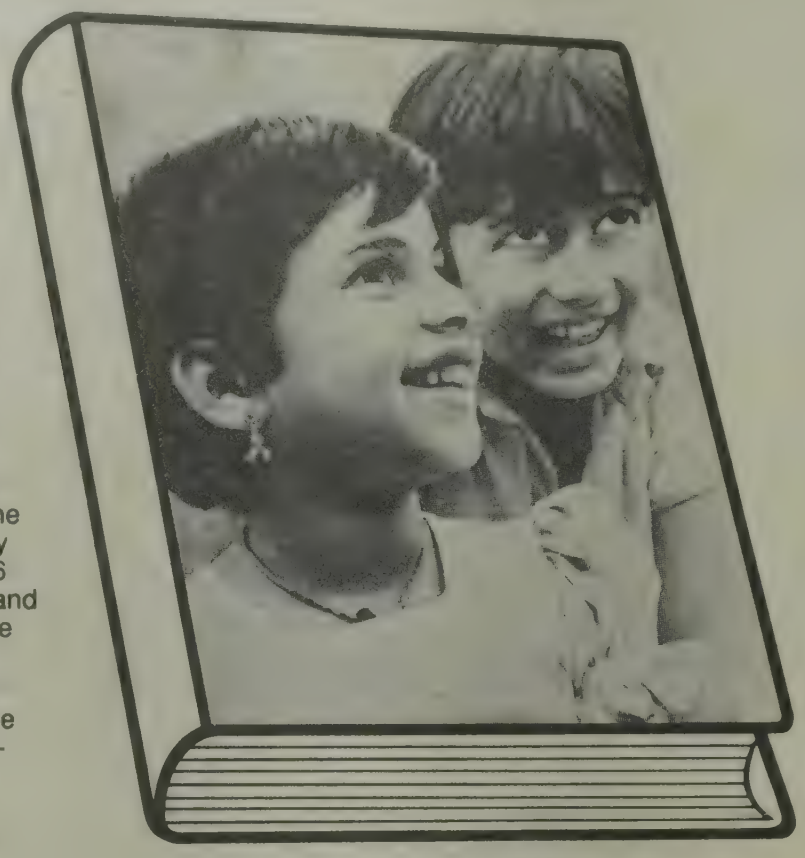

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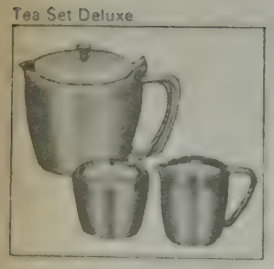

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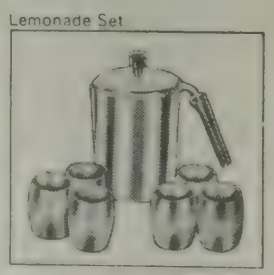

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## YOUNG VIEWPOINT

**Continued from page 29**

"some credit for this goes to an existing university theatre group called Aavhaan."

One of the most convincing improvisations done by Aavhaan has been of life in factories. Here, the actors become machines. They stand like automatons, moving their hands to a fixed rhythm, while profits flow out of the mill into the hands of the capitalist, who collects everything in an outsized bag, only to return with a minute purse, the portions of which he distributes to the workers. When militant workers strike, the capitalist tries to bribe trade-union leaders, hire 'goondas' and finally calls the police to break the strike.

What makes Aavhaan skits particularly endearing is their eye for detail, incorporation of a typical Bombay flavour. The reactions to their skits are immediate. The scenes that go down well are the bus and train scenes where a commuter laughs at his own problems. Trains get cancelled, buses come late, overloaded, there are pick-pockets on the prowl, blind men begging, girls getting molested, a slipper falling off, altercations with rude bus conductors. . . all done in 3 minutes flat. And while laughing at our problems helps to alleviate them — this laughter is always accompanied by a catch in our throats, a realization that what is fun in a street play, is misery in real life.

Aavhaan also retains a great Indian spirit. Skits are multilingual. Hindi, Marathi, English, and Gujarati are used in all skits, depending upon the situation, like the existing folk-theatre in India, "Jatra" in W. Bengal and "Lok Natya" in Maharashtra. Aavhaan skits use a circular stage, over-dramatization, and, of course, the 'jamure.' The 'jamure' is usually a sympathizer, who supplies the background information to the play and points out the connections between the scenes. However, in some skits, the role of the 'jamure' changes (this is Aavhaan's own innovation), and he is identified with the oppression and ends up being thrown out of the skit by the actors, who decide to make their own play, their own future, their own history.

Aavhaan's success rests mainly in redefining theatre and the normal roles in accepted theatre. Its work is dynamic because the barriers which exist in conventional theatre are hazy in it. A script-writer is not divorced from direction, actors are not divorced from script writing. Instead each student feels it his responsibility to pool in his maximum resources to help in the total skit-making.

Pulling a skit through is a gruelling task. It involves more than hard work. It means dedication. One day one may be soaked to one's skin, practising in the open with umbrellas, the other day it is a heat-wave. But ask any Aavhaan troupe member and he will say it is worth it. It is worth the trouble because the communication is direct and people, even the poorest of them, have a way of showing their appreciation, because they ask questions and give suggestions. It is worth it because at last theatre has been taken to where it belongs — to the people.

## FRANKLY SPEAKING

**Devi**

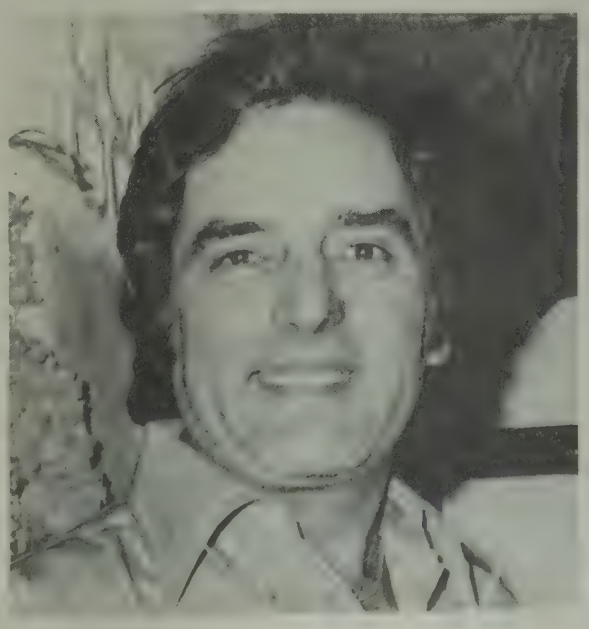
# FEROZ HAS STYLE

There is rape, rape everywhere and filmdom has come up with their very own answer to the rape dilemma. They have produced India's first woman rapist — of all people, popular screen rapist Ranjit's wife was a victim to it. Ranjit did not rape her, but a bunch of socialites apparently tried to grab her. Pushpa, the poor little woman — sorry, the rich, fat, plain woman — drove up in a tattered blouse to Gulu, Rajendranath's wife. And this was in broad daylight. On further probe I found out that these women are bored millionairesses who for kicks have started a sort of lesbian club — so I suppose they were only trying to enroll a new member.

Quite sour that they should restrict the rape to a woman, drawled a muscular newcomer, "Why did they have to rape her when we are all around?"

* * *

Feroz had his first peg of interest-free whisky at the premiere party of "Qurbani". Feroz Khan, being a gambler, mixes up his hobbies and his profession. That man has a lot of style and is very original. (This I have said in print over the years, when he had one flop after the other.) When he acquired a new financier, Mr. Shah, three years ago and got his first one lakh from him for a song recording of "Qurbani", Feroz blew up the fast money on slow horses at the races and went back the next day to Mr.



Shah. "But only yesterday you took one lakh, what happened to that?" asked the financier.

"I blew it up at the races," said a cool Feroz. The financier was impressed with the cool guts and felt he was the right horse to back to win. So Shah backed Feroz and "Qurbani" is a super hit. Free of all debts, Feroz is emptying his **khazana** alms to the poor on Id day, his old Merce to writer K. K. Shukla, since he is buying a new one, and an airconditioner to Col. Kapoor, who plays a five-minute, two-scene role in the film.

I am poor, also an orphan, so I better speed up before Feroz turns a **fakir.** Because when he went to Bangalore, his hometown, he was the prodigal son returning to the soil. And every "I had told you" and "I had predicted" chap got lavish presents. Quipped one of his friends, "Hope the round of interest-free whisky continues till the time the jubilee comes — Shah will again have to finance his jubilee functions."

And the Id venue shifts from Khan to Khan. To begin with, it was Yusuf Khan, then again the Juhu Khans—Sanjay to be exact (after "Dosti"), then Salim Khan of Javed fame, then Kader Khan, followed by Amjad Khan, followed again by Sheriff Khan, to Feroz Khan. "Allah ko pyari hai Qurbani."

# PEOPLE AND EVENTS

## BOMBAY

The Bombay Chapter of Sogetsu School of Ikebana, school for flower arrangements, recently presented a cheque for rupees fifteen thousand to the Asha Daan, Byculla, a charitable institution run by Mother Teresa.

The amount was collected through an exhibition of flowers held recently at the C. J. Hall.

* * *

The North Bombay Jaycees organised a programme entitled "8th Inter-Collegiate Beauty Contest-cum 5th Film Star Awards Nite-cum-Musical Nite" at Shanmukhananda Hall. The chief guest was Mr. Jawaharlal Darda, Industry Minister, Maharashtra.

The beauty contest was sponsored by M/s. Fedders Lloyd Sales Corporation and the winner received a Zenith Refrigerator of 165 litres.

The Film Star Awards Nite was sponsored by M/s. Sharda Processors, and the Musical Nite by the "Melody Makers" was sponsored by M/s. Khemisathi Processors.

* * *

An exhibition on the work of Satyajit Ray, entitled, "Universal Meaning in Regional Cinema", was organised at the Jehangir Nicholson Museum of Modern Art of the National Centre for the Performing Arts, to mark the silver jubilee of the first screening of Ray's "Pather Panchali."

Organised by the National Centre in association with the Directorate of Advertising and Visual Publicity, Government of India, the exhibition was inaugurated by Mr. Dilip Kumar, Sheriff of Bombay.

The exhibition was designed and produced by the Exhibition Division of the D.A.V.P. with assistance from the Directorate of Film Festivals.

The National Centre also arranged the screening of "Pather Panchali" for members of the Film Circle and the Performing Arts Circle.

* * *

Shivamudra Pratisthan recently held an exhibition of oil paintings of "Shri Shivaji's Forts" by D. R. Pawaskar at the Jehangir Art Gallery. Dr. Baliram Hiray, Minister for Education, Maharashtra, inaugurated the exhibition, and Mr. Abhayshinha Raje Bhosle, Minister for Home & Agriculture, Maharashtra, presided over the function.

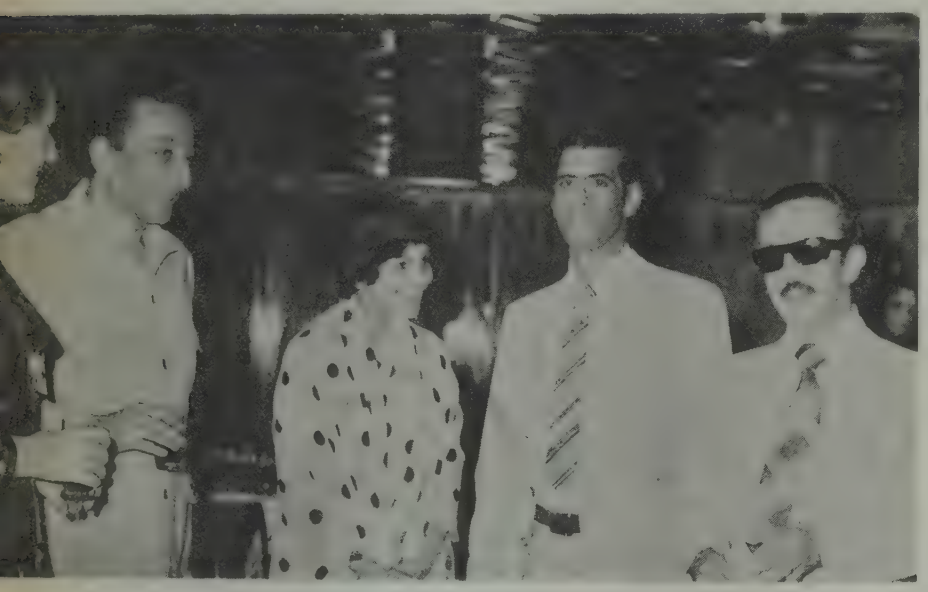
* * *

A function was held at the S.N.D.T. University to present the Governor's Award 1980 for the Best Sponsored Citizen Child. Five applications from Social Welfare agencies all over India were received and scrutinised by a Selection Committee under the Chairmanship of Mrs. Mehboob Nasrullah.

Balu Chaker Pandit, son of a fruit seller from Bombay was selected for the award.

The award was presented by Dr. M. S. Gore, Director of Tata Institute of Social Sciences who appreciated the sponsorship programme as an expression of individual concern and desire to do something for the underprivileged by those who were in privileged positions. The award is an encouragement and an appreciation of children's achievements despite their social and economic handicaps. The report of the Selection Committee was presented by Dr. Zulie Nakhooda.

Begum Zehra Ali Yavar Jung presided over the meeting and



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1. At a party hosted by Mr. A. Siddiqi, G. M., Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay, on the occasion of Id, are seen (from left) Mrs. El Daly, Mr. El Daly, Mrs. Toni Siddiqi, Mr. F. E. Yousuf, Consul General, Kuwait, and Mr. A. Al-Shubaili, Consul General of Saudi Arabia.

2. At a function held in Bombay to present the Governor's Award 1980 for the best sponsored citizen child, are seen (from left) Dr. Zulie Nakhooda, Mrs. Ali Yavar Jung, and Dr. M. S. Gore.

3. At the Film star Awards Nite-cum-Inter-collegiate beauty contest-cum-Musical nite, organised by the North Bombay Jaycees in Bombay, are seen (from left) Mr. Jawaharlal Darda, Minister of Industry for State, Bharati Jithani, runner-up; Mr. Rajan Bari of M/s. Fedders Lloyd Sales Corporation; Ira Das, Zenith Beauty Queen; Sonia Tandon, runner-up; and Mr. Ashok Parekh, President.

Mr. P. M. Shah proposed a vote of thanks.

The Governor's Award was initiated in 1974 by Begum Zehra Ali Yavar Jung as an incentive to inculcate certain qualities in sponsored children and 2 awards —gold and silver, were installed by the late Nawab Ali Yavar Jung, the then Governor of Maharashtra. For selection of the Governor's Award, criteria were fixed by her in consultation with the Agency social workers. The representatives of participating agencies have to be supported by certain documents like teachers' reports, social workers' reports and other certificates.

## CALCUTTA

The Chief Justice of Calcutta High Court, Mr. A. N. Sen, inaugurated the American Centre Library on Jawaharlal Nehru Road. This library has long been an attractive centre for students and scholars alike, but this time, its complete renovation after 37 years, with a very modern decor, makes it a pleasure for browsing book-lovers. Added points of interest are the video television set giving information and glimpses of the USA and the extensive micro-film library which, Dr. Mary Frances Cowan, the Director, says will be of great help to researchers. The library has 15,000 books, 350 periodicals, and seven daily newspapers. The new auditorium of the library has been named after Abraham Lincoln.

* * *

The Sangeet Research Academy of the I.T.C. held at Kalamandir, boasts of some very promising young talent. such as Aujoy Chakravarty and Dalla Rant in vocal classical music. Buddhadev Mukherjee in sitar and Shivkumar Sharma on the santoor. This Academy which was established to promote, propagate and preserve Indian classical music, is ably guided by Vijay Kichlu.

## BANGALORE

A new building for the Mathru Chaya orphanage was inaugurated at the Canara Bank Relief and Welfare Society's Seva Kshetra Complex, by Mr. Veerappa Moily, Minister for Finance, Karnataka. Mrs. Nirupama Kamath, Secretary of the Society, said that it was due to the support of many private donors that the Society was able to run many social service activities including a hospital and old people's Home in the complex. She also thanked the Government and the Corporation Commissioner in particular, who presided over the function, for their co-operation. Mr. C. E. Kamath, Chairman of the Canara Bank, welcomed the gathering.

* * *

Mrs. Janaki Ramamurti gave a cookery demonstration under the auspices of the Indira Ladies Club at Jayanagar. The Club has classes in Bhajan singing, yoga etc.

## LUCKNOW

A two-day seminar of the Indian Council of Social Welfare, UP branch, focused attention on the plight of the handicapped Speaking at the seminar, Mrs. Swarup Kumari Bakshi, Minister of State for Education, appealed to the people to work for a noble cause. Dr. (Miss) K. Sabbarwal, President of the ICSW outlined the various projects to be undertaken next year, which has already been earmarked as the Year of the Handicapped.

* * *

Mrs. A. K. Das, Chairman, Cheshire Homes India, Lucknow branch, outlined the proposal for a new Home for the disabled and the aged, which will be inaugurated on October 2 with financial aid from "Helpage." Speaking at the function, Mrs. Das said that there were 32 such Homes in 23 countries of the world, of which 19 were in Lucknow alone.

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4. Mrs. Vimala Somaiah distributes note-books to needy students of the Bhardwadi slum in Bombay, on behalf of the Andheri Jaycees. Also seen is Mr. A. B. Mehta, President.

5. Mrs. Shantha Mooken, outgoing Chairman of Dist 320, installing Mrs. Adeline Bennett, member, Inner Wheel Club of Nilgiris, as Chairman for 1980-81. Mrs. Sheila Irani, President of Association of Inner Wheel Clubs in India and Sri Lanka, looks on.

6. At the opening of Shahnaz Herbal in Ahmedabad, are seen (from left) Miss Radhika Chinubhai, Mrs. Mona Chinubhai, and Mrs. Mainaki J. Mehta.

7. Mr. Veerappa Moily, Minister for Finance, Karnataka, speaking at the Sevakshetra function of the Canara Bank Relief and Welfare Society in Bangalore. Also seen, are Mr. S. Kumaran, Mr. C. E. Kamath, Chairman, Canara Bank, and Mrs. N. Kamath.

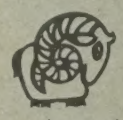
7

# THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK SEPT. 21 — 27, 1980
John Naylor

## IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK :

**In the financial sphere there could be a change of career, or in the affairs of your partner, which makes more money available. You might be moving overseas or to a distant part of your own country if this has not occurred in the past two or three years. In all spheres of activity, the impact of relatives, friends, working colleagues, will have a strong influence on your own plans, changing them in favour of theirs. You will do exceptionally well if your work is connected with writing or speaking or if you have a close contact with the general public. As for your love life a full moon suggests the closing of one chapter in your life, the beginning of another — but this could affect business links rather than romantic ones.**



### ARIES
(Mar. 22 — April 20)

The Full Moon of the 24th will be a day of missed appointments, delayed news, minor irritations. Yet, Mercury moves out of its adverse position as the week ends, making for a calmer atmosphere.

### TAURUS
(April 21 — May 21)

Busy stars continue, so try to keep organised, yet adaptable. Make time for relaxation or you will lower your vitality just when you need it! It's a happy social scene, so try to take advantage of this.

### GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

A promising trend in your affairs. This week brings a new influence to highlight romance, the more pleasurable aspects of life. If already involved in a rewarding relationship, this could be put onto a permanent basis.

### CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

Dynamic stars help both in personal and business life. Use your energy and confidence to push your interests and to cultivate good social connections.

### LEO
(July 24 — Aug. 23)

You will be in tune with life and people, get cooperation from colleagues. Your popularity is high and close relationships prosper. A stranger will prove lucky for you, you will benefit from short-distance travel.

### VIRGO
(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Lucky planets affect your love life and happy pursuits. A current interest may develop along more expansive lines. A new relationship will blossom if single, with stars of romance active.

### LIBRA
(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

You progress in your affairs, the folk around you will be co-operative, and you'll benefit from a kind gesture made in the recent past. The Sun, now in Libra, favours your ambitions, so push ahead!

### SCORPIO
(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

There's a new love on the way, if heart-free. Group activities, family parties, friendly gatherings, will bring promising contacts. Some sort of link with the past will revive, but set your sights on the future.

### SAGITTARIUS
(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

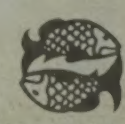
Good week for social life, friendships, travel. Romance if single. Take time for the lighter side of life — this will bring useful business contacts. In a few weeks, stars will help your affairs.

### CAPRICORN
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

Planets on the Midheaven of your Solar horoscope are promising, but be cautious about spending. A progressive period lies ahead, new chances in romance if you were disappointed earlier in 1980.

### AQUARIUS
(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

News from a distance could lead to a journey for business or pleasure. Get out and around. A change of scene, of pace and interest, is certain to benefit. Minor relationship problems can be settled.



### PISCES
(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Light-hearted flirtation, unexpected invitations, a pleasure trip to boost your spirits. If you have not managed a good holiday so far, arrange one. Life has been problematical recently without fun and happy companionship.

eve weekly

# Quiz: NEW SERIES No. 15

"HEGMAN"

1. Name the eminent writer who won the Nobel prize for Literature in 1954 and committed suicide in 1961.
2. This year, a world famous tennis championship celebrates its centenary. Name the championship.
3. Name the actor who's common to both "The Dirty Dozen" and "The Magnificent Seven".
4. On July 31, 1980, which eminent personality "became part of the ages"?
5. What in cricket is known as a 'Roses' match?
6. Who was the boy who wouldn't grow up? Name the author of the story and also, the name of the fairy in it.
7. Name the famous Austrian interpretative artist who died earlier this year.
8. What name is given to the arc of the heavens from zenith to horizon?
9. Name the first woman president of Iceland.
10. Edward Kennedy are his first names. What is the surname of the famous bandleader-musician nicknamed Duke?
11. Who said, "One small step for a man, but a great leap for mankind"?
12. Name the first man to break the 15 minute mark in the 1500 metres freestyle swimming event.

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**This is the 15th Quiz Contest with a prize of Rs. 200 for the reader who sends an all-correct solution. If more than one do so, the prize money will be divided among them. The deadline for the answers is October 9, 1980. Every entry must be accompanied by a cutting of this column.**

# Gorgeous prints designers rave abou

The safari never dates! Here in Kamala polyester it comes in special shades. Wear it with verve and dash!

A medley of blues in the season's latest print. Perfect for this demure yet sexy tery-voile ensemble.

An original Indian print in vibrant colours. Adds beauty and charm to the ever-popular salwar khameez. In Kamala's exotic chamois-satin.

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Retail Shops: Kamalini, 50 World Trade Centre, Cuffe Parade, Bombay 400 005.

PARLE

# Three simple ways to outplay imitators of your favourite biscuits.

**Spell out P-A-R-L-E.**

Our imitators try to fool you by spelling P-A-R-L-E as P-E-R-L-E or P-E-A-R-L, and G-L-U-C-O as G-L-U-C-O-S-E.

**Always remember.**

Parle Monaco and Krackjack are never sold loose. Buy them only in factory-sealed airtight packs, so you can be sure they are genuine.

Parle Gluco, however, is sold in packs as well as loose. Should you buy it loose, check the spelling of PARLE GLUCO on the biscuit.

**Take a bite.**

Taste, ultimately, will tell.
No matter how much our imitators may try to make their pack and biscuits look like ours, they cannot duplicate Parle taste and excellence.

World Selection Award Winner.

**India's largest-selling biscuits of their kind—also the most imitated.**

PARLE Gluco PARLE MONACO PARLE Krackjack

everest/80/PP/3-